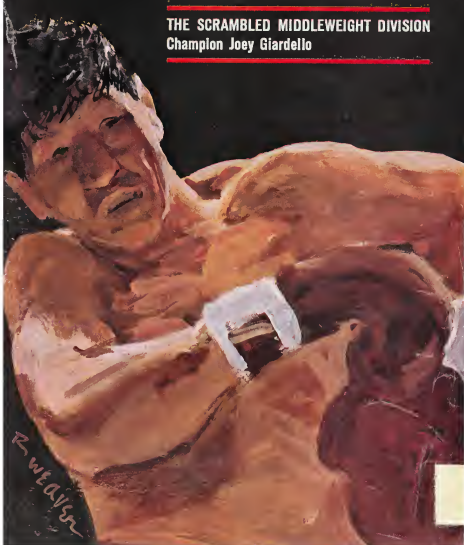


Sports Illustrated

MAY 18, 1964

30 CENTS

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See him soon.



Contents

MAY 18, 1964 Volume 20 No. 20

Cover painting by Robert Weaver

22 Home Run Heaven

Last week it was the *Ten's* *Met Stadium* in *Bloomington, Miss.*, where the sluggers are slugging like crazy

26 How Fast is the Fastest Man?

As always, *Bob Hayes* ran all wrong at *Atlanta*, but he proved exactly how fast our greatest sprinter can run

30 A Mighty Desirable Fellow

He is *Joey Giardello*, the best of the middleweights, who has a *Dead End* background and a *Little League* son

44 Even a Winner Can Cripple In

Jack Nicklaus, in *Part II* of his journal, describes an easy victory and how a champ holes in a lamshottar

60 Surfers on Land and Sea

The *Hawaiian* sport is sweeping the world, and not just the water. Here's the people, places and clothes in color

67 A Heaping Cupful of Twelves

Carleton Mitchell reports on the progress of U.S. plans for defending the *America's Cup*

90 When Knighthood's Flower Wilted

A *Queen of Beauty*, lords aplenty and 100,000 spectators saw *jousting's* revival drown in a deluge



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Acknowledgments on page 100

Next week

BIG FRANK HOWARD is the ultimate weapon of the World Champion Dodgers. Can he provide enough power to offset their other problems? An appraisal by William Leggett.

THE PREAKNESS field will include all of the first five finishers in the Kentucky Derby. The focus of interest, however, must be the rematch between Northern Dancer and Hill Rise.

A TRANQUIL TOUR of Europe's famous spas is made by British Novelist and Essayist Alec Waugh, who discovers a new emphasis on sports amid traditional Old World curia.

The departments

- | | |
|------------------|---------------------|
| 14 Scorecard | 81 Golf |
| 60 Sporting Look | 109 Baseball's Week |
| 76 People | 110 For the Record |
| 78 Bridge | 111 19th Hole |

1



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SHOPWALK

The skateboard may prove as big
and giddy a fad as the Hula Hoop

The wide-eyed, timber-legged kids in the drawing below are skateboarding, a dry-land variation of surfingboard. It is the wackiest new fad to come down the southern California pike in a long time and may well rival the dementia of the Hula Hoop six years ago. Although the skateboard looks like an ironing board with wheels, it's really a pint-sized cousin to the surfboard. The little device, with its speedy roller-skate wheels, rolls on concrete pavement or other hard surfaces with a tilting, tipping motion that imitates that of the surfboard.

Skateboarding derives from the Hawaiian-



born and California-nourished surfing cult now catching on throughout the country: the surfboards, the surfing trunks, the songs and the jargon are all part of the act. It got its start some years ago when kids and their dads improvised the boards in the basement workshop from baling wire, discarded roller skates and crude planks of wood. Then, in August, a young Santa Monica surf enthusiast named Larry Stevenson decided to manufacture a skateboard. Inside of a month Stevenson, the full-time publisher of *Surf Guide* (circulation 50,000), had his first batch of boards in southern California sporting goods stores. The fledgling firm, R. L. Stevenson and Associates, sold 57 boards the first month, and soon kids were tipping and sliding down sidewalks of Greater Los Angeles. The rush was on, and the outfit expects to turn out 4,000 boards in May.

Stevenson calls his board the Makaha, after that famous strip of Hawaiian beach where the international surfing championships are conducted every December. The

continued

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SHOPWALK *continued*

Makaha is a simple, solid slab of straight-grained ash, measuring 30 inches in length and 7½ inches in width. Like its nine-foot counterparts in the surf, it is tapered slightly at the nose and tail. Each board has a pair of professional-model roller skate wheels mounted fore and aft. These wheels swivel slightly on their axis to give the board its unusual turning ability. The swiveling action can be loosened (sharper turns) or tightened (more control), depending upon the skill and nerve of the skateboarder.

"You can do almost everything on a skateboard that you can on a surfboard," Stevenson says, "and you will see kids doing headstands, limbo stunts under a low bar, back bends—everything except nose-diving off the board to escape a wipe-out [you are wiped out when the wave buries you under tons of surf]. Concrete doesn't give."

Stevenson whips up local enthusiasm by touring California shopping centers and playgrounds on Saturdays with his Makaha factory team. Dressed in flashy yellow surf blazers, the boys, aged 9 to 15, give demonstrations of classic style and technique. The squad is led by a glue-footed 14-year-old from Playa del Rey named Brad (Squeak) Blinn, who is billed as national skateboard champ. "Our kids have even devised a way of going uphill without ever touching the ground," Stevenson says. "They got a hip-swinging rhythmic motion going, bouncing the front of the board up and down, propelling themselves along."

Most major California department stores stock the Makaha, and now such stores as Furbous-Barr in St. Louis, Jordan Marsh in Miami and Macy's in New York have a supply of the boards. Makaha will accept mail orders: address your requests to Makaha, Box 1278, Santa Monica, Calif. The board costs \$12.95, including postage and tax. It guarantees each board for 30 days.

As with the Hula Hoop and the Yo-Yo, there is plenty of competition in the skateboarding business, with boards selling at all prices. The George Cooley Company of Manhattan Beach, Calif. is a typical example of a firm hopping into the business on the spur of the moment. "We started out on March 26 with nothing but the idea and a little dough," Cooley says. "In five days, we produced and delivered 1,200 Bun Busters [Cooley's trade name] to a major drug retailer with 232 stores."

"We know it is the fastest board on the market. The kids can spin a 360° turn and never lose their boards," Cooley adds. The Bun Buster costs \$7.88 and can be bought by mail order from George Cooley Co., 2108 Strand, Manhattan Beach, Calif.

Whatever the board, the watchword is "Ruler beware." Skateboarding is like skidding along a banana peel on a wet sidewalk. You need your nerve with you.

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SCORECARD

CLOUD THE SIZE OF A MAN'S HAND

We have been force-fed so much favorable comment on Shea Stadium, the new ball park of the New York Mets, that we feel compelled to give one of our nonconformist correspondents the courtesy of minority space. He says bluntly, "I don't like the park. The players are too far away, and there is none of the intimacy of the Polo Grounds or Ebbets Field. You can't see catchers warming up because the bullpens are hidden by fences. The crowds are poorly handled. Parking is more chaotic than it has any right to be at a modern stadium. The superscoreboard, constantly blinking publicity messages, is a superirritant. The whole place is phony."

THE SYSTEM

An all-out drive has begun to "restore the United States' overall supremacy" in the Olympic Games. Franklin L. Orth, a former Deputy Assistant Secretary of the Army and head of a special Olympic committee, described the plan last week and said it would "involve thousands of people and eventually millions, along with the latest business methods available." He said, "The necessary facilities can be furnished for all sports through a cooperation of effort by municipalities, counties and the Federal Government in a planned program." He cited figures on the Soviet Union's expenditures on sport and added, "We will beat them with our own United States system. It will take a lot of time, effort and money to put it over in 1968 or 1972." He called the program "our big test to determine whether democracy can compete with a regimented society."

We admire sport for sport's sake, but we recognize, as Mr. Orth does, the desirability of Olympic victory, and we applaud efforts to further America's chances for winning gold medals. Yet we feel Mr. Orth and his committee may have overlooked certain facts.

One is that victory in sports does not necessarily mean victory in the political scene. Or doesn't Mao Tse-tung read the sports pages?

Another is that Russia is not necessarily the prime challenge to U.S. Olympic superiority; the world is. In men's track and field in Rome in 1960, seven countries whose combined population was only slightly larger than the Soviet Union's (Germany, Italy, Poland, Great Britain, New Zealand, Australia and Ethiopia) won twice as many gold medals as Russia and exactly one more than the U.S. did. America's athletes are not getting worse; the rest of the world is getting better.

Third, like it or not, Americans favor sports that have commercial value. Blocs of dedicated amateurs compete in gymnastics, speed skating, weight lifting and the like, but our most popular sports—baseball, football, basketball, golf, horse racing, harness racing, bowling—are commercial giants, and only one of these is an Olympic sport. Broadening the base of American participation is a laudable idea, but it will be difficult and perhaps not necessarily good to wean the youth of the country away from the diamond, the gridiron and the links, the familiar arenas.

Finally, Olympic victory is splendid and American preeminence is something we all want, but the program Mr. Orth recommends to achieve this end sounds more like a copy of the Soviet Union's regimented methods than it does like "our own U.S. system."

WHEN THE GOING WAS WORSE

John Zanhiser, pitching for the Behrend Campus of Penn State against the Penn State freshmen a few days ago, was hit in the elbow when the rival pitcher tried to pick him off first base. John was also the losing pitcher, but all in all he considered himself fortunate. He remembered the last time he pitched against the Penn State freshmen. On the first play of that game he was spiked on the ankle as he covered first base on an infield tap. After a 10-minute time-out for recovery, he went back to the mound. His first pitch was lined back at him and hit him on the other ankle. He took another 10-minute respite and doggedly re-

turned to action. There was a close play at home plate, and John had to cover. The opposing base runner, trying to score, slammed into him and knocked him halfway to the dugout. He was revived and told to sit on the bench, "where you will be safe." A batter fouled off a fast ball toward the dugout. Zanhiser jerked his head back to avoid the foul ball, smacked his head against the concrete wall of the dugout and was down for the count again.

He also was the losing pitcher in the 26-3 game.

IT'S WARMUP TIME

Walter Hewlett, a 19-year-old Harvard sophomore from Palo Alto, Calif., won the Greater Boston college two-mile run the other day in 9:23.8. That is hardly spectacular time, but it was a noteworthy win. Hewlett warmed up for the



race by running 12 miles from Harvard Square to the track in Waltham, Mass., where the meet was held. He arrived five minutes before his race began.

"I felt I needed the work," Hewlett explained. "There's a shorter route—it's about 10 miles—but I came a longer way over the Newton Hills, the reverse from the way the Boston Marathon goes. I ran into a few traffic tie-ups and the hills tired me somewhat, so that delayed me a little. I really wanted to get to the meet earlier so that I could have a little breather. After all, I ran 16 hard miles the day before."

BACK INTO BATTLE

The Olympics will put the National Basketball Association player draft at a disadvantage this year because of the late date of the Games (October). Drafted

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

college seniors who are on the Olympic team will miss preseason pro practice and will be correspondingly slow in working their way into the regular lineup. One such senior is Walt Hazzard of UCLA, the Los Angeles Lakers' first choice. To compensate for Hazzard's adjustment period the Lakers have hit on a gimmick that would protect them and help the box office, too. They are planning to lure Hot Rod Hundley out of retirement to play until Hazzard is ready. Hundley, who retired after the 1962-63 season and is now a representative for the Converse Rubber Corporation in the Southeast, was one of the most colorful players in college or pro ball. He played in a couple of exhibition games in Charleston, W. Va. just a few weeks ago and still looked good enough for the NBA.

TO TWIN OR NOT TO TWIN

Hialeah Park, the best racetrack in Florida, has been the only holdout there against that deplorable development in horse racing, the twin double, and we commended the officials of that track for their wisdom (SI, April 13). Now the word is that Hialeah officials are wavering in their resistance to a gimmick they said they did not like. Hold that line, Hialeah.

WHY WESTWARD HO?

Even though National Hockey League President Clarence Campbell said flatly a few weeks ago that "no expansion of the league is contemplated" and despite evidence supporting Campbell (SI, May 11), there are new rumors that the NHL will indeed expand, all the way to the West Coast and as soon as the 1966-67 season. "The way is now clear for expansion to the West and to Los Angeles in particular," said a high official of the Western Hockey League in Seattle last week.

Such talk by minor-league officials wanting in on big-league loot and status is one thing, but when Stafford Smythe, president of the Toronto Maple Leafs, supported the statement, the minor-league claim began to look more and more like the real thing.

Smythe indicated that Vancouver is the key to expansion and said that his club would build an \$8-million, 20,000-seat arena in Vancouver if the city would provide the land. Then Harold Ballard of the Maple Leafs said that if the Vancouver deal goes through it would enable

continued



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SCORECARD *continued*

the NHL to absorb that city, Los Angeles, San Francisco and possibly St. Louis.

The question then arises: Why would the present six-team NHL, playing to 93.3% of capacity all season long, want to take on the huge increase in travel costs that expansion to the West Coast would entail? Simple. Sports' big daddy, network television, is back in the picture. CBS used to carry NHL games, but viewers got tired of watching the same four teams having at each other over and over. (Toronto did not appear at all, and Montreal only once a year.) But with four new teams making the NHL a 10-team coast-to-coast attraction, league officials feel certain that a major network will snap up the package.

Both the Maple Leafs and the Montreal Canadiens have television commitments with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, but it is assumed that both clubs would cancel that arrangement if one of the big U.S. networks came up with a significant offer. With any kind of assurance at all from a network, the NHL may well vote westward at their meeting early next month in Montreal.

SEAT OF BOWROW

The Commissioner of Recreation in Mount Vernon, N.Y., recently took steps to acquire some of the old grandstand seats from the Polo Grounds, which is being torn down, for use in the city's stadium. What is intriguing about this small bit of intelligence is that Mount Vernon's Commissioner of Recreation is John Branca. He has a younger brother named Ralph who, you may recall, once pitched in the Polo Grounds.

EIGHT MEN IN A BOAT

On early form, MIT will not be the crew that will go to Tokyo next fall to represent the U.S. in the 1964 Olympics. And does this discourage MIT Coach Jack Frailey? It does. But just because the MIT shell tends to row off in all directions, it isn't going to keep Frailey out of an Olympic blazer—he hopes. Frailey has a plan for taking some of the good oarsmen from the boats of this season's also-rans and creating, in effect, an all-star crew.

This scheme may jar the stripes right off the ties of the traditionalists. Until now, there has been one way, and one way only to select our Olympic crews. Take the best crews in the country, put

continued

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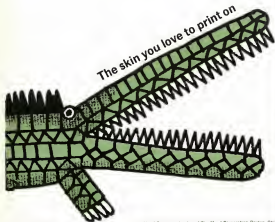
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SCORECARD continued

them in a boat race, and the winner goes.

But Frailey and some of the other more adventurous coaches begin wondering what would become of a boat if you were to pull some of the weaker oarsmen and replace them by big, strong, talented fellows from a different boat.

Why, the boat would go to pieces, insist the traditionalists. The only way a crew can move its shell with speed is after weeks and weeks of rowing together until the oars sweep out with the synchronized beat of a hopped-up grandfather clock. Frailey is of a mind that raw talent is more important than the form beautiful. So, following the IRA championships at Syracuse next month, and after the front-runners have officially entered the Olympic trials, Frailey hopes to recruit 24 of the best from other crews, take them up to Laconia, N.H. for two and a half weeks and try to put together two, or possibly three, boats to enter the trials.

"We'll put in a lot of small-boat work [pairs and fours]," says Frailey, "to determine the best men. Then we'll take the eight fastest rowers, put them in one boat and see what happens."

But what about style and form and all that? "Overrated," is what Frailey has to say about form. "And we don't intend to change anybody's style. We'll just teach these men to do things properly. That's what counts."

Now just suppose Frailey's mixed breeds do well, maybe even win. What do you suppose he would have done if he had put together a crew from the best, rather than the worst IRA boats?

THEY SAID IT

- Maxie Rosenbloom, former light heavyweight champion, asked if he ever threw a fight: "Never. Once some gamblers made me a very attractive offer to take a dive in the second round, but I turned them down—I couldn't go the distance."

- The Rev. Dr. Felix B. Gear, of Decatur, Ga., newly elected moderator of the Southern Presbyterian Church, on his recreational activities: "I have hunted deer on occasion, but they were not aware of it."

- Jack Patterson, University of Texas track coach, asked how he would handle a shotputter like Texas A&M's Randy Matsoe, if he had one on his squad: "I wouldn't do anything except polish his shot for him."

END



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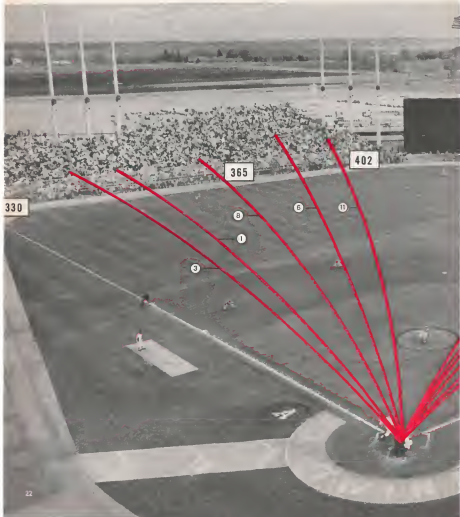
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HOME RUN HEAVEN

The Twins and the Athletics hit 11 home runs during their three games in Minnesota's Metropolitan Stadium last week, an overwhelming number over the short left and right center-field fences, as shown

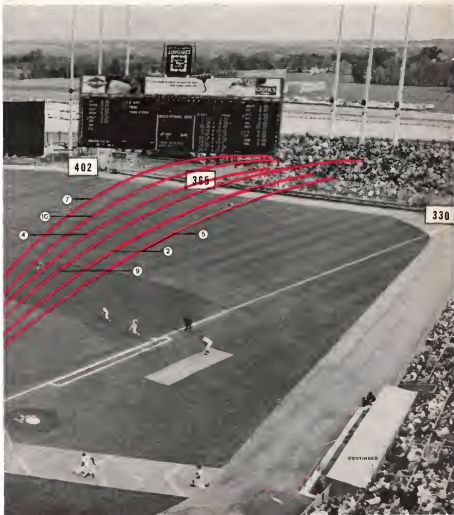


Last week it was the favorably fenced and ventilated ball park of the Twins, and before that the Athletics' Municipal Stadium, where the sluggers on both teams are slugging like crazy

by FRANK DEFORD

below. In the second game a 25-mile-an-hour wind, with gusts up to 35, also helped the hitters. The 11 were hit by the following players and they came in this sequence: first game, 1) Hall (Twins), 2) Leu

(A's); second game, 3) Rollins (Twins), 4) Conway (A's), 5) Jönsson (A's), 6) Colavito (A's), 7) Hall (Twins), 8) Allison (Twins), 9) Mincher (Twins); third game, 10) Mincher (Twins), 11) Gettys (Twins).



Except, perhaps, for the misty, air-conditioned valley on the dark side of the moon that Junior, Dick Tracy's son, is now being shown in the space coupe by Moon Maid, no more interesting weather conditions prevail anywhere than at the Metropolitan Stadium in Bloomington, Minn., and Municipal Stadium in Kansas City, Mo. It is not the cold or the rain or the tornado warnings but the wind that makes things so fascinating. The wind is a hitter's wind this time of year, and it is blowing home runs out of these two parks at a pace that staggers the imagination and the pitchers.

In Kansas City earlier this month, the Twins and the A's managed to split four games amidst 24 home runs, 28 walks, 51 runs and 27 pitchers, and they started right up again last week in their rematch in Bloomington. The series began at a slow pace, at least by Twin-Athletic standards. Only two home runs were hit Friday night because for once the wind was blowing in from the outfield.

The next afternoon, however, conditions were back to normal and so were the hitters. Rich Rollins got a home run for Minnesota in the first inning, but Kansas City struck back in the third. Wayne Causey hit one into the bleachers in right, and a few minutes later Manny Jimenez hit another to approximately the same spot with two runners on. Exit starting pitcher Lee Stange of the Twins. In the fourth inning Rocky Colavito hit a two-run home run into the left-field stands. The A's were ahead 7-1.

But 7-1 leads are peanuts when these two teams get together, and the Twins quickly proved it. In the bottom of the fourth Jimmie Hall put one about 15 rows up in right field, his third home run in three games, and the next batter, Bob Allison, hit one the same distance to left. A week previous the Twins had hit four in a row in Kansas City, so when Don Mincher grounded out to second base there was a scattering of boos. But two innings later Mincher hit a three-run homer to right to make the score 7-6. Exit starting pitcher Orlando Pena of Kansas City. An inning later Minnesota won the game on, of all things, a double.

On Sunday the home-run storm subsided. Only two were hit, both by the Twins, possibly because Camilo Pascual was pitching for Minnesota. Even so, the bombardment during the series had been impressive. In three games the two slug-

happy teams had hit 11 home runs, seven by the Twins, four by the Athletics. The two-series, seven-game total stood at 35, or an average of five home runs a game.

Both the Twins and the A's are far ahead of any team's past home-run performance. The best ever was by the 1961 Yankees, who averaged 1.47 home runs a game and hit 240 through the season. After Sunday's game, the Twins were averaging 1.83 and the A's 1.48. The Twins have already hit more home runs in Kansas City than they did all last year. At this pace there will be a major league record total of 311 home runs hit in Kansas City this year, more than one apiece for every man, woman and child in the 288 new seats in the shortened right-field area. For the more romantic, the latest count shows eight Twins and three A's ahead of Roger Maris' record pace. Unfortunately, neither team has anybody threatening Walter Johnson's pace. The A's are in 10th and the Twins in fifth, and without pitching neither is likely to improve much on that.

Baseball's greatest non sequitur is that pitching is 75% of the game and home-run hitters drive Cadillacs. There is more excitement in Kansas City this year because of the acquisition of Rocky Colavito and Jim Gentile than all the pitching, colored uniforms, sheep and fireworks of the past were able to set off. Gentile and Colavito are being treated like movie stars, which they somewhat resemble. Both have made excellent starts, and Gentile, who moped and fought himself and the tough Baltimore park when he was playing there, is jumping around like a kid.

Owner Charlie Finley brought in his right-field fence to help Gentile—and to wave a red flag at the Yankees, who have the shortest foul line in baseball—but it is not this so-called Half Pennant Porch that has produced all the Kansas City home runs. In fact, only four of the 50 home runs hit in Kansas City so far have gone into the porch. Instead they are mostly the result of the winds, which blow up to 20 miles per hour away from home plate this time of year. Even without so much as a zephyr, the air in Missouri is light enough. "The new fence?" says K. C. Pitcher Orlando Pena, who ought to know. "That is nothing. The balls jump out of there." The situation is comparable in Minnesota. The air is somewhat heavier at the Met, but the

winds blow harder. Twenty-five miles an hour was not unusual last week, and there were gusts up to 50.

At neither park do the fences curve sharply back as they do elsewhere, another big advantage for hitters. "There are your danger spots," Manager Bill Rigney of the Angels said early last week when his team was in Minnesota. He pointed toward two positions in the outfield. "It's not the 330 feet down the lines, but the 365 in left and right center. Suppose you hang a curve and a guy hits it down the line—a home run at 330. So you made a mistake and you have to accept it. But what hurts is when you make a good pitch and the hitter just gets a piece of it—not enough to get around on it, to pull it. It still goes out, over the short left or right center, at 365." There were 17 home runs hit at Metropolitan Stadium last week, and only one was truly a drive down the line. Most were aimed at the danger spots clustered around the 365-foot areas.

This takes nothing away from the Twins, a hitting club in any kind of weather or park. The lead-off man of late has been Rich Rollins, who had 16 home runs in each of the last two years. Don Mincher had 17 playing part time last season, Earl Battey hit 26, Bob Allison 35 and Harmon Killebrew has averaged 46 since the team moved to Minnesota three years ago. To this crew the Twins have added a pair of sluggers—even if they do not look like sluggers—who by themselves would be enough for nearly any other team: Jimmie Hall and Tony Oliva.

Hall, who has eight homers now, one for every 8.88 at bats, was apparently created from thin air. He had an undistinguished minor league career; as recently as last year he was open to draft. Passed over, he moved up to the Twins as a hangar-on, and did not become a regular until June 13. He went on to hit 33 home runs, breaking Ted Williams' rookie record. Hall is a wispy 170 pounds; at 26 he has a bit of gray at the temples. His swing is fast, whiplashed, with the power coming from quick wrists.

Oliva, the 23-year-old Cuban rookie, has taken center stage not only from the rest of the Twins' power cadre, but from nearly everyone but Willie Mays. With at least two hits a game at the Met all

week, Oliva raised his average to .441. He has a natural, level swing that permits him to pick up on low pitches, as well as on high ones, with little difficulty. Oliva was signed in Cuba by the late Joe Cambria and borrowed his brother's passport to get to Florida. Because he wanted to protect his brother, Oliva just assumed the passport name, Tony. His real name is Pedro, but now he likes Tony better. Anyway, Pedro/Tony Oliva got his start at Wytheville, Va. in the rookie league in 1961 and hit .410. Then the Twins sent him to the Florida Instructional League with Scout Del Wilber in charge. Wilber's orders were simple: teach him to field and speak English. "Nobody ever touched his batting," Wilber says. "I'd see him around the cage even when he wasn't supposed to hit, and I'd tell him to go out there and field. He knew how to hit."

Oliva's English is still weak, but he works at it. He is a tremendously conscientious young man, and also a happy one. He is occasionally called "Cheer-o" for his disposition, and because Oscar Robertson has already preempted "The Big O" Vic Power, his roommate, refers to him as "Mr. Cuban, 1964." Power also calls him "the best roommate I ever have. He is so quiet, but he is smart boy. He sees me sign autographs—'Best wishes, Vic Power'—and he ask me to show him how you write this 'best wishes.' All he want to do is eat all the time—eat anything, rice and beans, steak.

"I tell him, he not going to be happy like this all the time. He going to have a bad day some time, but he don't care. He just smile, smile and show that gold tooth. Nothing change this boy. We all talking about Mudcat Grant. He say, who is this Mudcat? I say, who is Mudcat? You just get two hits off that guy. That who is Mudcat. He just smile. He don't know nobody. He don't know Mudcat. He don't know Bob Feller, Ty Cobb. But he a good boy. A clean-living kid, and the best roommate I ever have."

Oliva, with seven home runs, is one of three Twins among the top eight in the American League. Two others, naturally, are Athletics: Colavito and Gentile. If these two teams could only play home-and-home for the rest of the season, Babe Ruth would just be remembered for the candy bar.

END



Sluggers Rice, Oliva and Puckett stare wide-eyed at rising balloons in unsuccessful attempt to determine prevailing wind. The experiment failed, but home runs prove wind is no gag.

HOW FAST IS THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE?

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

Florida A&M Sprinter Bob Hayes, America's top Olympic prospect, has a running style that is all wrong—and altogether right, as an analysis of his latest stylish 100-yard dash conclusively proves.



100 yards (3.1 seconds). Hayes is famous for his kick at end. Actually, it is not as fast as has been imagined but only seems so because weaker opponents have tailed off.



75 yards (1.3 seconds). Hayes accelerates again. Despite wobbling gait, he is now traveling 26.9 mph, probably the highest speed ever attained in the 100.



START

A slow beginner by international standards, Hayas (third from right) is third in fact coming out of blocks of Atlanta. But he accelerates rapidly (right to left below) and is alone at the finish.

LONDON-ATLANTA



50 yards (2.2 seconds). Adjusting stride after initial burst, Hayas falls into a fast flow. According to San Jose State Coach Bud Winter, who has made special study, this is typical of best-trained sprinters.



25 yards (3 seconds). This is the slowest portion of Hayas's race. Like 1956 Olympian Bobby Morrow, he does not reach real speed until 25 yards out.

CONTINUED

When Robert Lee Hayes runs you get the impression that cotter pins have come out and dowels loosened and that at the end of the race there will be sections of Bob Hayes—elbows, kneecaps, forearms—screwed along the track like the Florida Keys. Churning along, his pigeon toes making divots and his arms effecting great uppercuts, Hayes does not run a race so much as he appears to beat it to death, or it him. For all that, Bob Hayes arrives. All of him always arrives. And the wonder then is not the completion of the trip so much as the speed of it. People just cannot believe how quickly this young man gets from one place to another.

As an example, take the Southern Intercollegiate Athletic Conference track and field championships two years ago in Atlanta. Hayes runs for (and plays football for and attends classes at) Florida A&M University, and that day, as a 19-year-old sophomore, he ran 100 yards with more impatience than usual. Among the judges, presumably aghast at the sight, there were watches stopped at 8.9 seconds and 9.0 seconds. This was impossible, of course. Nobody would ever believe such a thing. Hayes's time rounded off to a sensational but unflattering 9.3 seconds.

Since then Hayes has pretty well indicated that he could do 9.3 running on Jones Beach in combat boots. Watches have become bolder—five times he has been clocked at 9.1, which is the accepted world record—and last week Atlanta headline writers were bold, too (HAYES GOES FOR 9 FLAT), as he returned for the conference meet. Bold but unformed. Odds were enormous against a record, because competition was flimsy (it is a league of small Negro schools dominated by A&M), and when preliminaries were completed the cinder track at Cheney Stadium, not a good facility anyway, was gingerbread. More likely, he would do 9.4 or 9.5, looking over his shoulder.

After running a decisive anchor leg on the winning A&M 440-yard relay team, Hayes settled into the blocks for the 100. Settled is not quite the word. He was still fussing with his fingers at the set position when the gun went off. Caught there and slow getting out, he was an inconspicuous third, but inside of 20 yards he had caught up, and he had shoved his powerful chest ahead after 25. The crowd, bunched up along the



Blowing like men at the top, Coach Dick Hall (left) and Hayes acknowledge praise in Atlanta.

rail as if the stadium had tilted the moment Hayes's name was announced, wooooooed him down the line. When he was there was a light wind in his face and an indecently large gap between his heels and the No. 2 man. The judges confidently clocked him out at 9.2.

On a fast rubberized track, pushed (if that is possible) by a Henry Carr or a Harry Jerome or a Larry Quastad, it is reasonable to surmise that Hayes at that moment would have become the first man to run 100 yards in less than nine seconds. He will do it one of these days. A 9.2 on gingerbread with no real competition tells you how close he is.

Later in the meet Hayes won the 220-yard dash in 21.2 and, as a concession to the clinical studies of his bright young coach, Dick Hall, agreed to run one of the legs of the mile relay.

"I run 440 yards only one other time in my life," said Hayes, grinning. "Please have a drink of water ready on the backstretch."

"Can Hayes run a quarter mile?" the A&M football coach, Jake Gaither, was asked in the infield, where he was conducting a Bob-Hayes-can-do-anything seminar.

"Just watch him," said Gaither.

Hayes was fifth when he got the baton on the second leg. When he gave it up

Florida A&M had the lead, and ultimately it had the victory. Hayes ran his quarter in a creditable 48.6.

Gaither eventually had to be routed from his place in the infield because his stories had drawn a crowd. The football coach told of a night in Jacksonville—Bob Hayes Night, as declared by the mayor, because Jacksonville is Hayes's home town—when his 192-pound halfback ran a punt back 83 yards for a touchdown and, in the last quarter, scored twice more to pull out a game against a strong Texas Southern team. But please do not be misled, said Gaither. What you see before you is not just a great runner but a great pass receiver and a man who can kick off over the goal line and punt 50 or 60 yards. "But I was scared to death to let him," said Gaither. "With that foot up he's fair game, and if he ever got rucked I'd be Mister Mud himself, the man who ruined our Olympic sprinter."

Football Player Hayes has been drafted as a future by the Denver Broncos and the Dallas Cowboys and is likely to accept a professional contract after the Olympics (where he wants to win three gold medals) and after the next football season (he hopes to be back in time to play in five regular-season games, the Orange Blossom

Classic and the North-South game, to which he has already been invited). Hayes could easily succeed as a pro where other sprinters, like Frank Budd and Glenn Davis, have failed. He is first a football player and second a sprinter. He has the necessary change of pace, he cuts without diminishing returns on his speed and, as Gaither modestly suggests, "is one helluva fine pass receiver."

Hayes runs track like a football player, a fact that is a continuing subject of investigation. If a man is that unorthodox, how does he run that fast? Pete Griffin, his former track coach and an A&M assistant, gives lectures on the subject and writes ponderous analyses in athletic journals. Naturally, nobody tries to change the way Hayes runs. "They would be foolish to try," says Hayes. "They would have to amputate his pigeon toes," says Track Coach Hill.

There have been minor modifications. Hill had Hayes move his right hand farther out from his body at the mark because he was coming off in too tight a knot and spiking himself. He also had him shorten his opening stride to increase acceleration. Hill's nostrils flare at the suggestion that Hayes's starts are less than lightning bolts, and it is true that they have improved, but Hayes still would not win many 10-yard races. Or 20-yard races, either. But he holds world indoor records for 60 and 70 yards, so he clearly—and quickly—makes up for lost time.

Hill meanwhile will lose sleep over cause and effect, wind resistance, gravitational pull, the five-day forecast and the importance of brushing after meals if and when they pertain to Robert Lee Hayes. He has already memorized the weather forecast for Tokyo in October.

He plies his student with meaningful figures and subtle textbook psychology. He tells him he is now running 29.9 feet per second and needs to do only 30.3 to run 100 yards in 8.9 seconds. That is a mere four-tenths of a foot per second faster. What could be easier, eh?

"Like most sprinters, Hayes is temperamental," says Hill, "so you have to use a few words on him, psych him up a little. Sometimes you have to be a little devious."

Hayes is susceptible to psychology. Last year at the Coliseum Relays in Los Angeles he was due to face Arizona State's Henry Carr, world record holder, in the 220 when he suddenly announced

to Hill that he was exhausted and could not run. Hayes had just won at 100 yards; Carr had abstained. Now Hayes would have to face a fresh opponent—a very good fresh opponent—and it was not an appetizing prospect for so tired a man.

"O.K.," said Hill. "Pull on your sweat suit and relax. I'll get you scratched."

Moments later, Hill was back. "Hey, Bob, I just saw Carr talking to his coach. They look worried. Shaking their heads and everything. I don't think he wants to run against you very bad."

Other poignant bulletins followed. Correspondent Hill was remarkably well informed. Finally Hayes stood up. "Coach, can you get my name back in there?" Hayes asked. Hill said he thought he could. Hayes ran and won.

Generally, Bob Hayes is a noncomplaining, self-sacrificing athlete who, except for a few cramps and one bad bruise from a fall in Madison Square Garden, has never been noticeably injured. He is heavily muscled—only his ankles are skinny—with formidable thighs and calves, prominent high buttocks and powerful chest and shoulder development. When he runs there is an exaggerated rotation of the shoulders and, wide-legged and pigeon-toed, he powers along. While Hill would like Hayes to take off six pounds before Tokyo, weight is no problem. Hayes came off the football field in January weighing 196 and ran 100 yards in 9.1.

Hill has a surprise this weekend as part of his projected pre-Olympic schedule. He is taking Hayes with a relay team to the Coliseum Relays, but he has not entered him in the 100-yard dash. Hayes will run only the 200 meters. "I want him fresh and ready for Carr. If possible, I want him to annihilate some people out there. Put a few scars on their memories, so they'll be thinking how nobody breaks that tape before Bob Hayes."

Robert Lee Hayes is called "Crow" by his friends—"only by my friends," he says, but he likes the nickname. Why Crow? "Because he looks like a crow," says a qualified friend. "Sort of pointy-faced and shiny. And it's a natural man, because he flies, he flies. He's the shortest distance between two points."

Hayes works hard at being one of the fellows. He is proud of the T that the guys burned on his right forearm with a hot wire one night, because it makes him one of the Tramps, a fraternal group at

Florida A&M. He is unnerved by too much attention, which he invariably gets, and as a way of showing his untamed head he will go around with his shirttail out. "He'd wear overalls on the plane if he thought he was being a regular guy," says the friend.

But there is also some Tabasco in Hayes. He was slick on a Friday night in Atlanta in gray-striped suit and close-brimmed, broad-straw hat that he dipped rakishly over his right eye. On the field he wears red-white-and-blue Olympic spikes, and he eschews the regular A&M sweat suit in favor of any one of a colorful selection of eight. He wore blue on Friday, then on Saturday a maroon he got from a German he defeated on a European tour last year. At school he is noted for his talks in government class on the wretched raw fish a certain visiting athlete had to eat in Russia. "Never again. Never again," he says.

Hayes does not practice false modesty. He does not practice any modesty, really, but his boasts are not unattractive, and more often than not he speaks of what he knows. As a sophomore in high school he told his coach he could outrun any of those clowns on the track team. The coach said, "Let's see you do it," and Hayes did. "I could always run fast," he says in the way of explanation.

The one time he high-jumped he did six feet, he says, and he broad-jumped 20 feet nine inches, but "I wasn't really interested too much." There are those, too, who will vouch that he plays a good game of basketball, and since he was a center fielder on his high school team it would not be hard to find somebody who thought him another Willie Mays.

He is also known as a boy devoted to his mother, "a wonderful kid with a heart of gold," says Coach Gaither, but there was a time last year when resentment from his teammates became so apparent that Gaither had to tell the wonderful kid to please go someplace while he talked with the green-eyed boys.

"You oughta be ashamed," said Gaither to the boys. "But, more than that, you ought to be proud you're on the same team with this fellow. Do you realize he's the fastest that ever lived? All right, you're a little jealous of the attention. I can understand that. So I'll guarantee you something. I guarantee any one of you, you race him and, sure enough, if you beat him you'll get the very same attention he's getting." **END**



Telephoner Joey Giardello is the champion of boxing's best division—the middleweights. A devoted father and friend of the Little League but still beloved at the pool hall, he has buried his Dead End Kid days and is...

A MIGHTY DESIRABLE FELLOW

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

The middleweight champion lay on the table with his eyes closed, the white terry-cloth robe with "Joey Giardello" in script on the back pulled up around him. He had become Joey Giardello when a patriotic guy on the street in Brooklyn offered to donate his birth certificate so Joey could join the Army at the age of 15, provided Joey gave the patriot two bucks. But that was a long time ago. Nobody calls him Carmine Titelli anymore. The room, like a thousand of its kind, was weakly lit and grimy and, in the coarse concealment, the scars on the fighter's face gazed out as if by cosmetic. Giardello's face (*see cover*) is marvelously expressive, capable of prodigious winks and lowers, and the places where people have beaten on him for 16 years seem to add to it rather than detract, the way age and scars enhance the appeal of an antique.

Last month in Cleveland half a dozen of Joey's friends, his personal solar system from South Philadelphia, were with him in his dressing room before a fight while two Cleveland cops self-consciously guarded the door. It was a needless precaution, because Joey lets in anybody who ever knew him, Joey is a believer in friends. Thirteen of his friends once got together on his behalf and offered Dick Tiger \$100,000 to defend the middleweight championship. Tiger eventually agreed to the match and lost the championship last December in Atlantic City. "Did you actually have \$100,000?" one of the friends was asked. "Are you kidding?" he replied.

"Carmen Tedeschi has been shooting off about offering me \$125,000 to fight

Carter," said Joey from the table. "But that's how I got my shot, so I'm wise to that. He puts in the papers how he calls me up and I'm never home, Tedeschi. So one night, it was after midnight, I call him from Philadelphia. Collect I call him. He says he now has only \$100,000, so I tell him I will accept his penalty if he will please come to Philadelphia with a—*a whataya call it*—"

"A cashier's check," somebody said.

"A cashier's check. I know he ain't got it, but every time he starts off the phone I say, 'Well, but what about—' and we gotta go through the whole thing over. I got him on there quarter of three, three o'clock. Collect." Everybody in the room enjoyed Joey's practical joke.

Lou Duva, who baits people out of jail in Paterson, N.J. when he is not acting in his new capacity as Joey's personal promoter, came in with a giant poster: "Champion vs. Champion, Joey Giardello, World Middleweight Champion, vs. Rocky Rivera, Middleweight Champion of Argentina, Buckeye State Promotions, Cleveland Arena." Duva collects posters. This one had taken liberties, however, because this would not be for any title—Joey has not defended his yet—but rather a 10-round bout for television and for Joey to take risk-free advantage of his high station while he is leisurely deciding to fight Rubin Carter or Joey Archer or Dick Tiger or Laszlo Papp, perhaps, Florentino Fernandez in Puerto Rico.

As usual, the middleweight division is better stocked with good fighters than

any other. (Men who weigh 147 to 160 pounds are naturally more plentiful, being of a size that is standard once easy living has been exposed to exercise and diet.) The heavyweight championship, of all the championships contrived to get a man to fight, is the most prized, but the middleweight champions—Ketchel, Seose, Pupke, Walker, Zule, Graziano, Robinson, Cerdan—are often as well known, and among their challengers the competition is the best. Right now Champion Giardello could make his selection hunched and come up with a legitimate contender, so scrambled is the division.

Joey says he has a moral obligation to give ex-Champion Tiger a return fight and would not mind discussing it, but he has not seen Tiger's name in the paper in some time and presumes Tiger is back in Nigeria making political speeches and raising children and hanging around obscure places with Hogan (Kid) Bassey. As a very good second thought, there is Joey Archer, the flat-faced New Yorker who moves like a sparrow and has won 40 of 41 fights. Laszlo Papp, the Hungarian who fought in three Olympics and then, at the retirement age of 31, turned professional, is a possibility, and so is Rubin (Hurricane) Carter, who has impressed people with his mandarin mustache, his jailbird stare—the most insidious east of Sonny Liston—and his left hook. There are also Jose Torres, who has everything but an abiding interest in fist-fighting, and the two Italians, Sandro Mazzinghi and Nino Benvenuti, and the Cuban exile, Fernandez, and Luis Follo of Spain, and names that used

continued

to mean a lot, like Ray Robinson and Gene Fullmer.

Naturally, none of the contenders wants to waste time fighting another, and when they even mention that tactical blunder their managers get so upset as to appear unbalanced. "Archer is a stinking, rotten national disgrace as No. 1 contender," screamed Tedeschi, Hurricane Carter's manager, after Carter lost a decision to Archer. Naturally, too, Giardello is not interested in any give-away opportunities. He was a top contender himself for 12 years and got only one other title shot and not a single Green Stamp until he fought Tiger. He is not at all unwilling to let all parties wait until September, when he will probably fight Carter. In the meantime there is money to be made fighting people like Rocky Rivero, on TV, out of jeopardy. Giardello likes the idea so much that he is fighting Rivero again May 22.

"Rivero weighed in 69½ today," said Joey on the table in Cleveland. "He was supposed to make 65. I coulda raised a stink, right? Made him sweat it off. But what the hell. I was worried myself. I thought we were gonna have to do what we did in Jacksonville that time, right, Adolph? I come in there about 180. I get on the scales and Adolph grabs me up by the trunks. He's cutting me in half, Adolph, and I see we're going down to

about 150, so I nudge him to take it easy. I weigh 164 for the fight."

Adolph Ritacco has been Giardello's trainer for nine years. Joey cherishes Adolph because he is an expert door-pounder at 5 o'clock in the morning. When it is time for roadwork, Adolph does not take no for an answer. He does not take later for an answer, either. He is 50, short and square, with black-agate eyes and slick black hair and arms cluttered with the names of battlegrounds he encountered in World War II: Guadalcanal, Bougainville, New Hebrides, Fiji, —12 in all. There are some misspellings. "That tattoo artist didn't know nothing," explains Adolph. He is a man of infinite good humor and patience, except when Arnold Giovanetti, Giardello's adviser, in impetuous reference to Adolph's size, suggests he take a bath in the lavatory. Then Adolph smiles and hits Arnold in the elbow, and Arnold screams and runs away. "Where's Arnold?" asked Joey. "You know that censorable Arnold got his Cadillac before I got mine? I think he must be padding expenses."

Arnold Giovanetti came into the room. As Joey's "adviser" he is entitled to 5% and to look worried all the time. He makes Cadillac money working for the United States Lines, but Joey

he worries about. Joey does not have a manager—he paid off the last in a line of sensationally inadequate ones, Armand Laurenzi, after the Tiger fight. ("Ten thousand it cost me to get rid of that Laurenzi," he said, "but it was worth it. I'm free, now. I'm my own manager. I'm so happy.") Arnold Giovanetti has been one of Joey's more faithful satellites. "He tells everybody he's 28, Arnold, but he's really 32," said Joey, his eyebrows raised and his hand up to his face as if to reveal a very classified piece of information. Arnold heard.

"You're a goof-off, that's what you are," said Arnold. Arnold was wearing pointed high-back shoes and a striped blue shirt with an enormous collar, a good five inches at the tips. It was clearly the grandest collar in all of Cleveland. "Relax, Arnold. Arnold is very conscious of television," said Joey. "One night I catch him rubbing my back between rounds in the corner, like this. I look up and he's moving his mouth, like he was telling me what to do. I say, 'What's it, Arnold? The camera on you, Arnold?'"

"I was nervous," said Arnold. "I've been on television lots of times since then. I'm an old pro now."

"Joey's been on maybe 40 times," said Adolph.

"Yeah, but not since 1960, the Gene Fullmer fight. I'm thinking about that camera right now. I wanta look good."

Joey hopped up and flicked at Arnold's hair, missing it up. Arnold is very particular about his hair.

"Ohhhhhhhh, look at that, and he just had it teased," squealed Adolph. "Quick, Billy," he said to Billy Novelli, who dresses hair in South Philly. "Get the comb."

Joey was penitent. "I hadda do it, Arnold. I'm sorry, but I hadda do it."

"Don't louse me up. You're all the time lousing me up," said Arnold, heading for the mirror. "Ain't nobody serious around here? You gotta fight in 15 minutes, and you're playing around. You want us to all go out there looking like crumbums?"

"O.K., O.K., let's get serious," said Joey, sitting back down with exaggerated gravity. "No more of this bull-slinging around." He was quiet for a moment, lying back. "This is the worst part," he said. "Sitting around these censorable rooms, waiting for the censorable fight, putting this censorable tape all over yourself. I tell you I couldn't

continued



MARRIED 13 YEARS, ROSALIE AND JOEY HAVE A LOT TO SMILE ABOUT THESE DAYS

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take it more'n a hundred times more." He grinned, and everybody laughed.

"Where's Rocky, anyway?" said Adolph. "Rocky Marciano's going to be in the corner tonight."

"Mazzano is a very good friend of mine," said Joey. "He's another one of them undesarables I been associating with. Him and Pete Rutzlaff and Paul Hornung and Vice-President Nixon and all them undesarables." Joey is still sore at the New York Athletic Commission because he is unlicensed to fight in New York. In 1957 the commission undertook a study of the company Joey kept and professed great shock at the findings. Joey once lost a bet on his beloved Brooklyn Dodgers and to pay off borrowed \$200 from Antonio Caponigro who, as Tony Bananas, has one of the more complete police records. But that, too, was long ago.

"Tony Bananas? We don't mention that name no more," said Adolph. "I ain't seen him four, five years."

"I tell you this," said Joey, sitting up. "I trust Tony Bananas before I do that censorable New York Athletic Commission. At least he's a man of his word. When he tells you something, at least you know it's going to be so. I got into the office to get my New York license, and the guy says I gotta come back. Come back? What the emsemble for? We haven't decided on you yet." I blew my stack. I Blew My Stack. I called him every name in the book. He lay back down. "So what? I don't need New York."

"That's right, Joe, you're champ now," said Adolph.

The gloves were laced on, and Joey deposited his front teeth in a cup, proffered by Adolph. It was almost time. The Giardello solar system moved out into the shadowy alcove, and Joey began warming up—jab, hook, cross, slide, feint, left, right. There are no better moves in boxing than those made by Joey Giardello. "Hey, did I tell you about my son Carmine?" said Joey, pausing. "He's saying grace Sunday, and at the end he says, 'Please, God, make Daddy win the fight.' How about that Carmine?"

"You ever seen a guy so loose? He's always loose like this," said Laundi D'Ancona. Laundi sells life insurance in South Philly and takes Joey to the Philadelphia AC on his membership card.

"He loves those kids, Joey," said

Adolph, standing away as Joey worked. "That's his whole world. Can't stand to be away from them. Never seen anything like it. We get in here Monday, and 11 o'clock Monday night he's pacing the floor. 'Gotta call Rosalie, gotta get the family out here.' She come in yesterday but left the kids home. Joey hates to go out of town anymore. Used to be he'd say he's going down the corner for a pack of cigarettes, and he don't come back for six weeks."

The call came, and they followed the

and all that weight he took off made him sluggish. The reporter wanted to know when he was going to defend the title, and Joey asked him to please go see Lou Duva or Arnold Giovanetti or Adolph Ritacco, because "they know more about that kind of stuff than I do." He winked to a friend nearby. "I think they're trying to work something out now," he said, looking urgent.

"This is a fighting champion," Adolph shouted. Adolph is a connoisseur of clichés. He repeated it, upping the deci-



AT THE J & D BILLIARDS PARLOR, POOL COMES SECOND, GABBSING WITH JOEY FIRST

cops down to the ring. There Joey boxed 10 rounds to a decision over Rivero. It was his 125th fight in 16 years, his 95th victory. It was very close and rough, because Rivero is built like the foundation for 26 stories and he advances with stolid, amiable disregard for safety. Rivero was not artful, but he was strong and persistent and had a very good left hook that repeatedly got through. Six times in a row he landed with the hook in the ninth, but Joey pitched and yawned with the punches—it is an art that most fighters lack—and he did not go down. He never does.

It was an exciting fight, and afterward Joey complained to a hesitant young sports reporter in horn-rimmed glasses that the long layoff and the banquets

bel count. "This is a fighting champion."

The gloves were cut off, and Joey gave them to a friend. "I always give 'em away, except the ones from the Tiger fight," he said. "Them I keep." An arena attendant came in looking for the gloves, and Joey told the friend to hide them. "Sorry," Joey said to the attendant. "They're gone. Anybody see them gloves?"

Later, with Rosalie as the beauty mark—Billy Novelli had combed her hair, too, she said—the solar system moved out to Angelo's in Cleveland's Little Italy, and Joey ate pizza and Italian sausage and posed for pictures with Rocky Marciano. Rocky Rivero came in, too, and Joey posed with him. He orbited from table to table, introducing friends

continued

to friends, and ran across a guy he had known in the Army. "We were paratroopers together, 82nd Airborne," he said, pleased by the chance meeting. "I made 29 jumps." Finally, at 2 a.m., Rosalie said it was time to go, because they were driving back to Philadelphia and Joey had to share in the driving. "Once I drove all the way back from Boston after a fight, in the rain," Joey said and got up.

"I shoulda been champion a long time ago," he sighed. "I tell you if I'd been champion when I was 23, I'da gone crazy. I would have gone *right out of my mind*. Now I'm smarter. Now I just go home. That makes better sense."

Carmine (Chubby) Tilelli, third of six sons of a Brooklyn sanitation department worker, onetime street-fight champion of P.S. 203, has not always paid strict attention to the value of good sense. He got his name mixed not only with Tony Bananas', but also with that of Frankie Carbo, the hoodlum boxing boss who is now serving a 25-year term in federal prison. Bobby Jones was alleged to have received a \$15,000 bribe to throw a fight with Giardello in 1954 (the necessity of which is dubious, because Jones was never in Giardello's class), and Joey himself reported receiving a \$50,000 offer to fall down. More tangibly, Joey once won a \$5 citation for street-corner lounging in his beloved South Philly, and on Halloween night 1954, right when he was on the verge of a chance to fight Bobo Olson for the middleweight championship, he helped five of his friends take a filling station and a filling station attendant apart. Joey wound up in jail, with no title fight, and served 4½ months of a six-to-18-month sentence.

Because Joey was never very smart about getting himself out of jams, the newspaper files on him deal mostly with the untidiness of his conduct. This is too bad. Joey Giardello is not an evil man. His regiments of friends are genuine, and so are his regiments of hangers-on because he is an easy touch. He has fought for charity and appeared often at fund-raising dinners. He collects compliments and kindly remarks as though they were treasures worth fighting for, and he will tell you without prelude that a circuit judge got up at his testimonial banquet at the Sons of Italy Restaurant in Philadelphia last month and said, "I see this man not as a great fighter but as a great

father." Joey is very proud of that.

The Giardellos now live in a \$35,000 split-level house, heavily mortgaged, on an acre at the end of a gravel road in Cherry Hill, N.J., 15 minutes from Philadelphia. The road runs perpendicular to the backstretch at Garden State Park, and on a race day you can hear the results from his living room. He wants to build a swimming pool in the backyard; the back yard at present is mostly swamp. He has three sons: Joseph, 12; Carmine Jr., 10, who is somewhat retarded, although no serious problem; and Paul, 1½ (the boys all carry the surname Tilelli); and a mongrel dog named Prince.

The house and the \$6,800 white Cadillac convertible with the black leather upholstery and a modest savings account are the extent of Giardello's fortune after 16 years of fighting, but he sees that changing now, because he has a lawyer handling his affairs and planning real estate investments. "An apartment house, maybe, and later maybe a lounge," says Joey.

Joey is very solid in Cherry Hill. He managed the Cherry Hill Little League team to the championship last year, though he found it sticky business because son Joseph is the catcher. What Joseph often caught was a lot of hell from his old man, Joey says. "What would it look like, me yelling at the other kids when my boy's on the team? I think he might not want to play with us this year, but I tell him I'll trade him to the last-place club if he doesn't." Joseph is also a boy scout, so Joey is interested in boy scouts, too ("I may even go on one of them camping trips this summer"), and the father objects only perfunctorily when the son roasts him out of bed at 5:30 in the morning to take him to church. Joseph is an altar boy.

"This is best, here, away from South Philly," said Joey as he backed his Cadillac out of the drive one day before the Rivero fight. "I go there to train and to be with my friends, but this, this is best for my family. My son Joseph will probably go to college. What he is, is a very nice gentleman, Joseph. Carmine, he's retarded, so we don't think about no college for Carmine. Joseph wants to be a priest. Laundi says, 'Wait! He finds out what girls are for, then he won't want to be no priest.' But Laundi's wrong. Joseph is very serious."

"He don't care nothing about fighting. Joseph, I don't think he ever told any-

body who I was. Then one day he came home and asked my wife if his daddy ever been to jail. Some kid told him, I guess. My wife said to see me. That night I got him alone and told him how I made a mistake and had to pay. 'But, Joseph,' I told him, 'if your daddy was no good, if he was a bad man, would the chief of police and the judge and all these wonderful people come to the testimonial?' He cried, Joseph."

"They came, too, you know. To the testimonial after the Tiger fight. Chuck Bednarik, too, and Pete Retzlaff, and Tom Gola, Marciano, all them undesirable. Mickey Shaughnessy dropped his bag at the station and come to perform. And Kay Stevens came down from the Latin Casino to sing. That was really nice of her. My boy Carmine watched her close, then afterward he made all the moves she did."

Heading for South Philly, Joey said, "I ran five miles this morning, me and Adolph and this kid who's doing my life story. Segrell's his name. Se-gre-e-l-l. Boh Segrell. Sells insurance in Brooklyn. Never wrote nothing, but he's a friend of mine and he wants to do it and I told him sure."

"I'm smarter now than I used to be," he said. "My mind is better. I was always pretty good in school, but I was dumb in other ways. I'm getting my transcript from Brooklyn so I can finish high school. I need 80 points, 50 in math. I was good in math. I hate to be dumb in front of my kids. That's the worst thing in the world. That new math is tough. When Joseph's got a math problem I can't handle, I go see Segrell. Then I can come back and make believe I'm smart."

"The biggest thing in the world to me is that my kids are honest. My baby, he's the one I gotta worry about. He's a devil like me. He's one, and I'm worried about him. I'd never want my kids to give me the trouble I gave my folks."

"I always thought life was a big playground. Hanging around corners. But not my kids. Thank God, they're well brought up. They don't have no prejudice. My old neighborhood, there's prejudice. You see it when you're away from it. My boy Carmine cries if you say something nasty about colored people. When I go to bed nights I pray my sons be good Christian men."

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"I've changed. You see me now, you see my kids, going to movies, playing miniature golf. We never lived better. It's hard to make a living at boxing, believe me, it's very hard, but I been supporting a wife and kids 13 years. I've been a lot of places. Last year I took the kids to Disneyland. That cost me fifteen hundred bucks. I'd like one more trip to Europe, take the kids, maybe have an interview with the Pope. I met a lot of wonderful people. But I'd like to meet one more wonderful person. The guy that says, 'Joey, I got a great job for you. Come on over.'"

The Pussyunk Gym in South Philly is on the corner of Pussyunk and Moore, three floors above the street and one floor above the J&D Billiards Parlor, out of whose windows the guys used to throw water on the cops before. But the times have sweetened Pussyunk and Moore, and the cops stay dry. "Billiards parlor" is a euphemism; J&D's is a pool hall in the traditional sense—cheap, incandescent, dim, no women allowed. Perfect. The men's room is reserved for "kings," and tucked over the door is a pair of boxing gloves worn by a great fighter whose name nobody can remember right off.

Joey has his own private cue stick at J&D's, in red binding, and is treated with the irreverence the boys figure a title deserves.

"Hey, get that bum outa here," shouted Duke Cavillo, one of the gym's three owners, as Joey walked in the door.

"Everybody loves Joe," said Adolph Ratacco, drinking coffee at the bar.

Joey ordered a cup of tea with lemon and got \$2 worth of dimes and went over to the pinball machine, where a young man in a loud checked suit and a high pompadour was showing great finesse losing his dimes. Joey identified the pompadour as Ralphie, a blossoming pool shark.

A stocky, baldish man with a broad, pleasant face came in and shouted at Joey, "Hello there, July 16th." Joey gave him \$50. "That's Armand," he said. "He remembers birthdays, not names. He knows birthdays of people dead 10, 15 years. Hey, Armand, you go around and see my wife on your birthday?"

"Yeah, yeah, seeyaround," said Armand, "seeyaround."

"I'm serious, Armand. Didn't you see her?"

"Yeah, but she didn't remember," Joey went over to the pay phone and

diald his wife. "Hey, Rosalie, Armand says you're a cheap skate."

Armand was outraged. "I never said it, I never said that."

Eventually Joey conned Ralphie into a game of pool at 75-25. Joey had to make 25 to win. "Ralphie's a good shooter," said Joey aloud, "but he chokes in them big money matches."

"Joey's a quitter. Watch, you'll see him quit," said Ralphie.

Joey experienced early troubles, and Ralphie, who enjoys his role as a hustler, shrieked in pleasure.

"Look, Joey's hemorrhaging! He's hemorrhaging!"

"Get the cut man! Where's Adolph?" said a tall, curly-haired boy who had joined the circle. "Cut man!"

Adolph drained his coffee cup and sat down on one of the folding chairs near the window. "It's a miracle, Joey is. Six, seven years now. Been very religious. Goes to Mass all the time. Very serious about—" he pointed toward the ceiling. "When he starts giving me bull, I tell him, 'It's O.K., Joey, but don't forget,' and I point up and it really shakes him. He's a good Catholic, Joey. And he works hard. He had to get me up when we was training for Tiger. A miracle."

The game was going better for Joey. He ran off six straight points and got his 26. Ralphie, the slick in the checked suit, broke for the door and Joey ran him down. He got him by the scruff and pulled him back to the table. Ralphie was trying to laugh as he surrendered the three bucks.

The next day Joey came in and waved his solar system upstairs to the gym, where he boxed six rounds with two Negro fighters brought in from New York. This was preparatory to the Rivero fight, and Joey looked good.

It is possible that Giardello, at 33, is better now than ever, principally because he is better trained and, second, because he is enormously proud of his championship. He knows it all—he slips punches, he counters, he throws exquisite combinations, he is a master mover. He is what is called a Chicago fighter; most of his movement is from the waist up—which gives an illusion of great mobility. Punches miss him by fractions, and when they land, as Rivero's did, the impact is diminished by his movement.

Because of his need for mobility, Joey has looked his worst when he was not well trained—which has been often. His record—with its victories over Tiger Jones, Ray Robinson, Joe Giambrà—is as cheered with incredible upsets when he was heavily favored (4 to 1 over Pierre Langlois, for example).

Nevertheless, he has been ranked for 15 years and, as one of the few truly competent strategists in the sport today, he seldom fights in the same manner twice. He adapts. Sometimes this has not always worked out; when he fought Gene Fullmer for the title in Bozeman, Mont. in 1960, one butt led to another—"he butted me, I butted back," said Joey—and the result was a bloody, graceless, shameful 15-round draw. Joey concluded afterward that Fullmer would never give him another chance, and he was right.

It is likely, too, that were he to fight Tiger again he would beat him again, because he has figured out his style—they have fought three times, Joey winning the last two—and Tiger, with his short arms and his strange ability to counterpunch off a lead, never changes. The others are mostly headhunters (it is in the body that Giardello, at 33, is most vulnerable) and, at this point, a Carter or an Archer is not experienced enough to take him. Carter is the hardest hitter in the division, but he has had only 23 fights and Archer showed how easy it is to make him miss. If he were to remain in condition, and discreetly cautious with his scheduling, Giardello as champion would brighten the corners of the Pussyunk Gym for many months to come.

Joey thrives on the atmosphere of that place. Everything in it appears to have been painted, at some time long past, a dark, crayon green, and then gone over with razor blades and a fine veneer of dirt. There is a dead TV set in one corner. Joey has a private room, with a padlock, a table, two chairs and a window. After the six-round workout for Rivero, he sat on the table and smoked a cigarette. His friends pressed in around him.

"You know, you're a good-looking guy, Joey," said Duke.

"I agree widya," said Joey. In the tiny room, the crowd was appreciative. There was a large man with a carnation in his lapel.

"Hey, Marty," said Joey, "all you do

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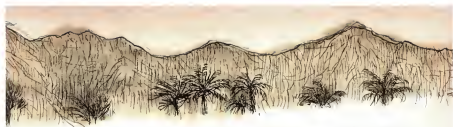
THE LIFE I LEAD: PART II

EVEN A WINNER CAN CRIPPLE IN

BY JACK NICKLAUS

A recounting of four weeks during which the author loses his golf clubs, leaves a ball up a palm tree, learns—happily—that he has no followers in a laundromat and comes up with his first 1964 victory despite a limping last nine

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DRAWING BY MICHEL RAMOS

TREE IN A DESERT

The last week of January finds the weather nice and warm at Palm Springs, Calif. and it finds me getting a little hot. I called Western Airlines first thing on Monday morning about my missing luggage and they did not know what I was talking about. What luggage? Patience, Jack. Tried to reach my friend, John Swanson, who had sent it from San Francisco, but he was having breakfast somewhere down the Peninsula and I could not get him for a while. I canceled my golf date. "I gave the baggage stubs to Dave Ragan," Swanson said when I finally got him on the telephone. After several fruitless calls I located Ragan at the Tropics, and I went over to get the tags. One look at the code letters on the tags and I knew where my bags were. Western Airlines had sent them to Las Vegas. The bags finally got to Palm Springs at 3:30 in the afternoon. A tough start to the week.

I went downtown for a haircut and to buy a bathing suit. Then to a supermarket to stock up on food for the kitchen. I had taken two cabins, one for little Stevie and the nurse, one for Barb, myself and young Jackie. Our suite had a kitchen and we were going to make it family week in Palm Springs—not much going out on the town. At the supermarket I went up one aisle and down the next just throwing things into my cart. When I got back to the motel I found I had forgotten coffee and tea. So back to the supermarket. Met Barb

at the airport, and when she arrived at the rooms we realized there were no bathtubs. This would hardly do for the children. So we had to move everything to a different set of rooms. Splashed around in the swimming pool with Jackie for two hours, then we put the kids to bed and had supper in the room. Barb was really tired. In the last eight days she had traveled from Pebble Beach to Chicago to Columbus to Fort Lauderdale to Palm Springs. She went to bed early, trying to get on a West Coast time schedule. It took the kids awhile, however. The next morning Stevie was up at 3 a.m., hungry for his bottle, and Jackie was up at 4:30, figuring it was time to start the day.

On Tuesday I played with Arnold Palmer, tennis ace Bob Falkenburg and Fletcher Jones, a Los Angeles Chevrolet dealer, at La Quinta. Walking off the first tee, Arnold asked if I wanted to double our usual \$5 Nassau. I said, "Sure, since I'm behind. But you'll have to give me strokes." This is the usual ritual. Falkenburg and I were teamed together and Arnold was not playing so well, so we started to win money. Arnold is now complaining about how giving up smoking is beginning to bug him, to make his whole system feel different, to affect his golf. I said, "Arnold, if you want to take a drag, take a drag. But don't keep using not smoking to rationalize bad golf." He laughed.

"All right," he said. "I promise not to talk about it again." He didn't, which seems to put him one up on most of the

people around the country who are trying to stop, too. I beat Arnold and won back all the money I had lost to him at Cypress Point—with interest.

After we finished playing 18 holes at La Quinta we jumped into the car and rushed over to Eldorado to get in four holes before dark. The first four holes there loop out and back to the clubhouse, so it is quite convenient. We played a two-hole Nassau. Arnold birdied the 2nd hole with a 40-foot putt from the back of the green—typical of Arnold—but Falkenburg birdied the 3rd hole. I was in the trap by the 3rd green when Barb and little Jackie arrived. Jackie screamed, "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy," and ran right across the fairway and into the trap with me. A great help, I did not hit much of a shot. After that I gave Jackie a club and picked a little grapefruit from one of the trees alongside the fairway. He kept hitting the grapefruit all the way to the 4th green.

On Tuesday, using a new driver, I had driven the ball like a machine. On Wednesday I played the first round of the tournament at Eldorado and the machine ran out of steam after nine holes. I even lost a ball up a tree. I had pulled my tee shot on the 14th hole and then hit an iron up toward the green. The ball floated down into a palm tree and got stuck there. Since I could not actually see it I had to treat it as a lost ball, which is a two-stroke penalty, instead of an unplayable lie, which is one, even though I knew the ball was up in that palm somewhere. On

continued

the next tee a marshal said, "Oh yeah. I saw where the ball landed up there." Fine thing. Just a little too late to save me a stroke.

After the round I went over to the practice range right next to the clubhouse and put in another long session. Arnold came over—he had just shot a 78—and hit shots for a long time, too. He took my driver and tried it out. Then Bob Hope came by and tried the driver. "This club's a little weak for a power hitter like me," he said. Ordinarily I would have rented a bucket of balls, but today I had dumped two dozen new ones on the ground and was hitting them to my caddy, who was stationed outside the practice area and away from where all the rental balls had fallen. It was a great kick having Bob Hope there, of course, but he was knocking my brand-new balls right in among all the drawing-range balls.

The following day little Jackie came out to help me. He putted with me on the practice green at La Quinta, and he knows exactly how to go about it. He puts the ball down about four inches from the cup, and knocks it in from there. Wait until he runs into those long six-inches.

By Friday, the third day of this five-day event, I began to feel that my game was getting into some sort of shape, that anytime from now on I might be capable of winning. I played at Indian Wells, and though I missed 10 putts of under 12 feet, I still shot a 69. Pretty good round. Later Barb and I went to a cocktail party at a private home in Palm Springs. A small crowd, maybe 20 people, including a few players. General Eisenhower was expected, but he could not make it.

The next day, playing at Bermuda Dunes, I again hit the ball well, but once more I needed a jillion putts and wound up with a 72. With one round to go, I was seven shots back of leaders Billy Casper and Chuck Courtney. A close friend of mine from Columbus, a very good senior player named John Roberts, watched me play the round. He noted that he had never seen me putt with my shoulders at such a severe angle. My left shoulder had gotten so much bigger than my right that I was hitting everything on the upstroke and not really catching the ball solidly.

Jim Garner, the actor, was one of the three amateurs in my foursome. When

you play with Garner you talk about everything but golf. We were both wearing red sweaters, and when we walked off the first tee I pointed this out to him. "Our outfits are clashing," I said. By the 17th tee I figured we were on national television. This is a par-3 hole, and I was using a four-iron. I shanked it so badly it flew way out to the right and into a patch of desert. I needed a full wedge from there to reach the green. Fortunately, it turned out that we had not come on camera yet. It does not really matter, but you always hate to look foolish on television.

We were slow getting away from the course. There were lots of celebrities to talk to: Garner and his wife Lois, and Bob Newhart and his wife Ginny, and Frank Sinatra. And I was introduced to the tournament queen, a blonde named Donna Douglas who is in *The Beverly Hillsbillies*.

Sunday was confusion. I played early and reasonably well, turning the first nine holes in 35. I suddenly realized that though I had been out of contention for so long, I could actually win the tournament with a 32 on the last nine. Of course, shooting 32 would be something of a feat on such a wandy day. What I finally did shoot was a 39.

When I got to the 18th green there was Arnold doing the television commentary. We talked, fencing around a little bit. He was trying to figure out what I had shot, and I was trying to figure out what he had shot, so we could learn who had played worse in the tournament. He had. I got a laugh out of that, but everyone watching us must have wondered what I was laughing about, having just finished with a 74. I went down to the press tent for a couple of interviews and watched the finish of the Los Angeles Lakers-St. Louis Hawks basketball game on television until Barb came in and suggested it was time to go. So I got myself organized, paid off the caddy and got into the car. Just as I was about to drive off I remembered that I had left my golf shoes in the locker room. So back I went, leaving Barb in the car. In the locker room I found that a tape of some of the tournament was being run on television. I sat down to watch. Just then Dave Marr, who is on the tournament committee, came by and said, "We may not have a tournament next week in Phoenix," I said, "What do you mean, no tournament?"

"They have not signed the contract yet," he said.

Arnold came in and we both sat there and watched television, including our own interview together, and discussed the Phoenix question. The telecast ended, and then I remembered—Barb was sitting in the car. It is a good thing I have a patient wife. She was only somewhat upset.

We decided to stay an extra day in Palm Springs, but by the following evening the Phoenix tournament was still unsettled. So we got everything packed for the trip home to Columbus. Then the telephone rang. It was Joe Black, the PGA tournament supervisor.

"They've signed the contract at Phoenix," he said. "Will you play?"

"Sure," I said. "I haven't anything else to do."

That was not the only reason. An important consideration was that I have to play in 25 tournaments a year to be eligible for full membership in the PGA two years from now. Playing at Phoenix meant I could quit work a week earlier in the fall. Besides, I was beginning to feel that I might be ready to win. My warmup period had lasted plenty long enough.

THE SCOREBOARD

Miles this week:	260
Miles to date:	7,230
Winnings this week:	\$712
Winnings to date:	\$1,912

WHERE HOUSEWIVES SAT WITH A CHAMP

Golfers were piling into Phoenix without even knowing whether or not the tournament was going to be played. The Nicklaus crowd—myself, Barb, Stevie, Jackie and the nurse—arrived Tuesday noon. I settled them at the Ramada Inn, which had given the golfers a rate of \$15 a day for a suite, and then went out to the Phoenix Country Club to check in. One of the first people I met was George Low, the putting whiz. I guess he knew I had been having my troubles on the greens. "How about beginning those putting lessons you were going to take from me at the Crosby?" he suggested. "A great idea," I said. "Just let me play nine holes and I'll be with you."

Most people believe that when putting you should always try to keep the blade at right angles to the line of the putt,

Continued

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Not George. His theory is that putting should be like opening and closing a door. On the backswing the blade should open; coming through the ball it should close. To achieve this the left thumb acts as the fulcrum during the stroke, which is mostly wrist. Nothing above the elbows moves. The stroke is supposed to put overspin on the ball, making it roll much more smoothly on bad greens. George's theory seems like a good one, but I know I am going to have to give it a long, long look before I am satisfied it is the answer to my problem.

George and I went out to the 10th green so we would not be bothered, and practiced there for a couple of hours. The stroke he showed me seemed to be working pretty well. It was dark when we quit.

In the pro-am the next day I concentrated on my putting stroke and ignored the rest of my game. I played awful golf, naturally, and shot a 75. I was paired with Pappy Walsh, Jim Dunnigan and Phil Taber, and we were scheduled to tee off early. Too early. We had to wait an hour for the greens to thaw out. They had frozen during the night. It was a good group of amateurs in that I had something to talk about with each one. Walsh is the director of the Desert Inn in Las Vegas. Dunnigan owns a harness track in Buffalo and is building one in Phoenix, and Taber's father was tournament chairman of the 1958 U.S. Open, held in Tulsa. Dunnigan and I were supposed to have some promotional pictures taken later—for a 3-year-old stakes race that my pacer, Bernaldo, is entered in—but we never got the time.

After lunch I went to the practice tee for a three-hour session. Then I tried some more putting with George. It was a full day's work. That night Barb and I went to the local dog track with Gary Player—who is back on the tour after three months at home in South Africa—Bruce Devlin and Don Cherry. We ate dinner at the track and then concentrated on the betting. Not much luck. We split all bets and we all lost. I managed to get to the track for the next three nights, too, and ended up ahead.

On Thursday, the first day of the tournament, I was paired with Gary and Bob Rosburg. Oddly enough, on the final day, when relative scores decide the pairings, we played together again. This meant we played three of our four rounds together. I shot a 71 and Gary played his

worst. He holed putts from absolutely all angles and still had only a 72. Both of us went to the practice range for another long session, and then I did some more work on my putting. This is something I have not done much of in the past. It never has seemed to help. Often before a round I have holed everything on the putting green and then gone out on the course and sunk nothing. What is more, I never knew what I wanted to practice. I would just take the club back and hit the ball. If my touch was there it was there, if it was not it was not. Arnold came over while I was putting and we talked about it. His putting method is similar to George Low's, and he is without doubt the best putter in the game today. Putting, putting, putting. It looks so simple.

The next day I started the second round of play off the 10th tee. I missed a 10-foot putt on the 11th green and then ran off a streak of seven straight 3s to finish my first nine holes in 29. I missed an eagle putt of eight feet on the next hole and made another 3 on the one after that. So I came within inches of getting nine straight 3s. Then, suddenly, I lost it. This simply showed that I was not as sharp as I thought I was. There is also a mental problem that is quite common among touring pros and easy to understand. When you get a bunch under par you still want to play your same bold game. That is what you tell yourself. But you also tell yourself that what the hell, all you need is to par in for a 66, which is a great round, so you do not take too many chances. You decide to stay on the safe side of boldness. As you might suspect, it is hard to be bold and not bold at the same time. What happens, especially early in the year when you are not as sharp as you will be later, is that you start making ridiculous little mistakes. Mental ones and physical ones. Touring pros call it "crimping in." That is what I did. I finished with a 37 on the second nine, for a 66. This left me a shot back of Tony Lemna, who led after the first two rounds with a 136.

Being up among the leaders in a tournament—for a change—I was able to tee off late on Saturday, and so I spent the morning with Jackie at the motel. The Ramada has slides and swings, and we had a lot of fun. Then I went out and bought him a little windup cart. \$6. Seems like a lot for such a small toy. That afternoon I shot a 68. This left

continued

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THE LIFE I LEAD (continued)

me three shots back of George Bayer with one round to go.

Gary and I were out on the practice tee Sunday warming up before playing the last round together. Palmer's gallery went by, and Gary looks at it and says real loudly: "There goes the leading money winner, but I'm the leading money saver."

"Yes, Gary has the deepest pockets and the shortest arms of any guy on the tour," was the best I could come up with.

"Did you hear that Jack had a bad accident the other day?" Gary says. "He fell off his wallet."

You've got to like it out here. Good people. Good life.

The first hole at Phoenix is a par 5. I started the round by reaching the green with a drive and a two-iron, then two-putting from six feet for a birdie. I parred the 2nd hole, missed from 12 feet on the 3rd, hit a bad sand wedge to the 4th green, but had it hit the pin and drop down two feet from the hole. Another birdie. When I got to the 5th tee I learned that I was in a four-way tie for first with Gary, Bob Brue and Bayer. I drove the green—305 yards—and eagled the hole. Boom! Just like that, I am two shots ahead. On the 6th, a birdie from 12 feet. Three shots ahead. The 7th, a par 5, I reached with two shots and two-putted. Another birdie. Four shots ahead. On the 9th I had a good opportunity to get my second 29 of the tournament, but I left an uphill eight-foot putt short of the hole.

But remember what I said about crippling in? On the back nine I gave everybody in the world a chance to catch me, and I can only be thankful that nobody did. I got a birdie on the last hole that I actually thought I needed, but in general it was a poor finish. I thought to myself that I could never remember finishing so weakly in a tournament and winning. But it all added up to a final round of 66, which is the kind of score I will settle for every day of the year. I should not complain.

It was wonderful to win the tournament. Now the season is really started. I was interviewed by Bob Toski on television after finishing. The first part of the interview could not be heard by TV watchers, and it was just as well. Toski and I were kidding around. He said, "Hasn't it been gorgeous weather here in the Valley of the Sun?" I said, "Yeah,

if you don't mind waiting for the greens to thaw out." There I went, opening my big mouth the wrong way. I don't mind saying what I think, I hope I always will. But there is no need to offend people unnecessarily, to sound ungracious. Well, Jack, you keep learning.

I came off television, went on the radio and then had the customary interview in the press room. I enjoy these visits. First of all, it usually means you are playing well enough to be news. Second, you are asked to handle some unusual questions. I like to talk about golf, but the questions I enjoy most are about my family or about hunting and fishing. I expected someone to ask about the Masters. Nobody did. It isn't far away, now.

I paid off my caddie, got my stuff together and went back to the motel. Barb gave me a big congratulatory hug. Then she said, "We've got to get some diapers done." Back to reality. I finally located a laundromat about 20 blocks from the motel and I drove over. I sat there for half an hour while the diapers were being done. I don't think anyone recognized me, thank goodness. Housewives, not golf fans.

We flew back to Columbus the next morning and got into the house at 7 p.m. The telephone rang 15 minutes later. It was a friend. At 7:45 he picked me up, and I was on my way to an Ohio State basketball game. Terrific! My alma mater won and Gary Bradds scored 49 points. Played super. All guts.

There is now an almost subconscious thought that sticks with me. Phoenix win or no, my game is still not ready for the Masters. Eight weeks to get it in shape.

THE SCOREBOARD

Miles this week	1,650
Miles to date	8,860
Winnings this week	\$7,500
Winnings to date	\$9,412

TWO WEEKS OFF, AND TWO LAST KINGS

For the first few days after our return we stayed in Columbus, fretting in our old house and gazing at the new, which is nearly finished. We should move in around the beginning of May.

On Friday I drove over to Cincinnati to look in at the MacGregor company plant. With a company executive, Leon

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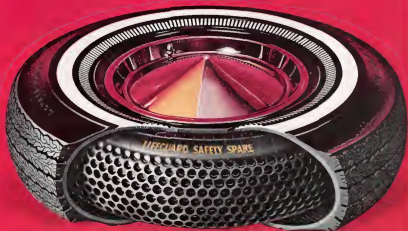
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Nelson. I took complete measurements of the set of clubs I am using now because a second set I had ordered felt different and I wanted to find out why. It turned out I was right. The new ones were slightly flatter in the face, so I had them adjusted and a new set made up.

On Saturday, February 15 we took off for Fort Lauderdale, Fla. My dad met us at the airport there, and we were out on the ocean fishing even before Barb had a chance to start unpacking. Caught nothing. That evening we drove up to the harness track in Pompano Beach for the races.

The next day my Dad and I joined two Columbus friends, Pandel Savic, a former All-Conference quarterback at Ohio State, and Dave Templeton, captain of the team in 1948, for golf at Coral Ridge. I played just terribly. I am beginning to be a little concerned. During the next two days I fished, played golf, and then we all went up to Pompano in the evening. Had a good day on the ocean Monday, catching two kingfish and five barracuda. The next time you want a ghoulish sort of thrill, hook a barracuda and pull him over the side. Ugh! On Wednesday I drove down to Miami and met Charlie Alexander of Zebco, Brunswick's fishing subsidiary, and made a few calls on some of his customers. We met a lot of dealers and picked up some fishing equipment. I came back with a boatload of the stuff. I used some of it to fish the next day and then drove up to Pine Tree Golf Club in Delray Beach for golf with Ted Kroll. Pine Tree is a great course. If I could play it every day I would really get sharp. I hit the ball well off the tee and off the fairway, but was my usual self on the greens. Set the course record for a professional with a 67. After the round we had some refreshments in the locker room and Kroll, who has been playing the tour successfully for a long time, gave me some good putting advice. "No matter what else you do," he said, "you have got to work out some sort of consistent system. It must be something that you can practice and something that you can rely on to repeat for you under tournament pressure." This made sense. I have got to get a system.

I was due at the house at 6:30 p.m. because a lot of friends were coming over, and we were all going out for dinner. I did not get there until 8:30. Barbara met me with a look of some exasperation.

The next day I played an exhibition with Palmer, and on Saturday afternoon I met Lew Worsham, the head pro at Oakmont in Pittsburgh and at Coral Ridge, and we drove up to Orlando for some quail shooting. Del Miller, the harness driver, trainer and owner, and some friends lease a 12,000-acre spread that is way back in the Florida bush. Had dinner with Del, Lew and Pirate Scout Rex Bowen, then drove on to a lodge where we spent the night. Bobcats all over the road. We were up early the next morning. In the front yard there were armadillos running loose, wild pigs and about 70 quail, plus raccoons in all the trees. A hunter's paradise. We drove back into the bush in a jeep that followed a group of hunting dogs, and hagged our limit of quail pretty quick. Got back to Fort Lauderdale around midnight after one of the most varied and enjoyable hunting trips I have ever been on.

Mother was flying back to Columbus Monday afternoon, but Dad and I got in a little fishing before driving her to the airport. We caught two four-pound kings. Just right for eating. While I was washing down the boat Jackie came out on the dock to watch. Suddenly I heard a splash. I turned just in time to see one of the kings heading for the bottom and Jackie laughing. "No, no, no," I yelled, but he picked up the other one and threw that in, too. We had fished all morning, and in a few seconds Jackie had tossed our entire catch into the canal. He thought it was the funniest thing he had ever done.

We had plenty of eating consolation that night. Lew came over with our quail, all cooked, and another friend brought 10 pounds of stone crabs. We must have been the only people in the country that night eating stone crabs for an appetizer and quail for the main course.

It is now nearly March. The fishing is good, the hunting is good, the eating is good. But what about the putting?

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SPORTING LOOK

HIGH SURFDOM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT ERWITT



Surfing has developed a cult with a language of its own, fashions of its own, a dance of its own. On these pages five top California surfers wear current favorites in competition trunks. Following are more surfer styles that jumped to California from Hawaii and are now being adopted by surf-struck youngsters around the world



The new look of surfing separates the hot-doggers from the gremmies, the wahines from the beach bunnies—but not the boys from the girls



WHO'S WEARING WHAT

PAGES 60-61. Left to right, Surfer Don Takayama wears Hang-Ten palaka-cloth surfers (\$57); Steve Anberg, Take's rice-bag surfers (\$57-59); Ricky Young, M. Ni's competition-band surfers, (\$58); Bob Cooper, Kamas's quick-drying nylon surfers (\$140); Chuck Linnen, Catalina's Polynesian-print surfer (\$56). PAGE 62 Paula Brandenburg is in Anne Fogarty's vinyl-coated striped cotton parka; Ricky Young in a nylon pullover by Nylon Fabricators of New Haven (\$8).

OPPOSITE: Mary Sturdevant wears Spooner's Polynesian-print two-piece suit (\$140).

FOLLOWING PAGES: Mary Sturdevant dances the surf in Lane's lace-trimmed embroidered cotton bikini (\$26) and Cluny-lace cover-up (\$23); Ricky Young (partly *hidden*) in Jantzen's wale-striped T shirt (\$31); Mary Harsenberger in Hang-Ten's blue surf suit (\$14); Riki Wakeland in Hang-Ten's red surf suit (\$14); Marsha Bauer in Take's lace-front striped surfer (\$14); Robert August in Spooner's orange Polynesian-print surfer (\$7); and Paula Brandenburg in Anne Fogarty's ruffled calico bikini (\$25).

The surfboard carried by Mary Sturdevant (*right*), a student at the University of California at Santa Barbara, weighs only 22 pounds. It is made of buoyant polyurethane foam, and maneuvers so well that it has given surfing a great boost as a coed sport.

With the advent of hundreds of girl surfers, the gremmie of yesteryear—a long-haired, unwashed, blue-jeaned rowdy—is vanishing from the scene, and today's hot-dogger is a clean-cut type who wears trunks custom-made in Hawaii and a T shirt bearing his club's name.

Mary's two-piece suit is this year's innovation for girls. Made by Spooner's of Waikiki in a Polynesian print used wrong side out so it looks faded, it is lashed to the girl with white tapes that will hold in the event of a wipeout, which is what it sounds like: a losing encounter with a wave or another surfer.

Beachside suitmakers who cater especially to surfers are Take, M. Ni and Spooner, all of Oahu, and Hang-Ten, a Long Beach firm whose name is surfer slang for the difficult feat of surfing with 10 toes hanging over the nose of the board.

Men's trunks, shown on the preceding pages, are made of sturdy fabrics: Japanese rice bags, nylon sailcloth or Army duck. The trunks are usually laced for adjustability and comfort when the wearer is belly down on a surfboard. Just as utilitarian is a hip pocket for the wax that a surfer uses on his board top for better footing.

Girls' suits are essentially adaptations of men's styles; they are made in similar fabrics, and with the same white-tape trimming. Styles change each season, since surfers set their own fashions and will switch as soon as imitators catch up with them. The giant swimsuit houses, such as Jantzen and Catalina, then rush the favorites to every beach in America.

On the way to a beach—preferably in a "woody," or vintage wood-paneled station wagon that has been lovingly restored—surfers wear nylon shell parkas over their surf suits, a look borrowed from skiers. For post-surfing warmth on the beach they prefer bright-colored sweat shirts, and there is even a white-band-trimmed pullover, made by Haring of California, that has been endorsed by the three-year-old United States Surfing Association.

What extra swing there is in surfer fashions pops up at beach parties (*following pages*). Beach bunnies, girls who don't surf, and wahines, girls who do, both wear surfing hip-dens and bikinis. How do you tell one from the other? This year if she wears white lace over her bikini she's a bunny.

continued





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A HEAPING CUPFUL OF TWELVES

The array of contestants being launched for this year's America's Cup racing may be the finest ever assembled. A famed yachtsman reports on the men and boats involved in the U.S. defense

by CARLETON MITCHELL

This week, in the waters off Cowes, England's two new 12-meter yachts, *Sovereign* and *Korwen V*, are getting down to their first preliminary brushes as potential challengers for the America's Cup. On this side of the Atlantic four potential U.S. defenders are scheduled to slide down the ways to meet that challenge: *Constellation* will be launched on May 16, *American Eagle* on the 19th, with *Columba* and *Nefertiti* close ahead or astern.

Getting financial backing for boats like these is not easy. As the organizer of one syndicate commented mournfully, "Every penny comes out of your drinking money. There is no tax break anywhere." Building, equipping and campaigning a 12-meter yacht for a summer costs approximately half a million dollars. Consequently, the list of contributing parents of *Constellation* and *American Eagle* reads like an amalgamation of the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Social Register* and *Lloyd's Register of American Yachts*. The *Constellation* syndicate consists of 32 members, *American Eagle's* of 39. If this list of owners is larger than any in the past, it may also be said that never, perhaps, has a better array of potential defenders readied for trials. *Constellation*, bearing sail No. US 20, will represent the cumulative experience of Designer Olin Stephens, which includes two former defenders, *Ranger* and *Columba*. The other new boat, *American Eagle*, although from the board of a designer having his first try at a cup candidate, A. E. (Bill) Luders Jr., is based on a highly successful series of 5.5s, plus research and tank tests beginning in 1957. Vying with the new boats will be two well-tested veterans. *Columba* will be seeking a comeback under new ownership to redress her defeat by *Weatherly* in '62. *Nefertiti*, likewise eliminated in the last trials, will return cheered by the memory that an improved *Weatherly* went on to selection

continued



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TWELVES

and victory after her own initial failure.

Along with first-rate boats will go other firsts that should sharpen competitive interests in this series for participants and spectators alike. Foremost is a breakthrough in the traditional New York-Boston line of defenders. With the purchase of *Columbia* by Thomas Patrick Dougan, a California plastics manufacturer who has done most of his sailing out of the other Newport (Calif.), competition in the trials will become truly national. Along with a change in the hauling port on *Columbia's* stern will come an all-West Coast crew, many of whom worked together under Skipper Walter Podolak on the 8-meter *Angelita* and 10-meter *Copille*, winners of practically every trophy available in California waters.

Another first for this season will be the adoption of an Olympic-style course instead of the traditional triangle and windward-leeward courses on alternate days. The new course combines both in one package. It will begin with a windward leg of 4½ miles, followed by two reaching legs that close a triangle. Then the competitors will sail a windward-leeward course over the same first leg, and finally another windward leg to the finish—a total of six legs, three to weather, two reaching and one a dead run. Together they will include every point of sailing with the emphasis on beating. Elimination of long reaches and runs might well prevent the dismal parades of past years, when a rival once put astern usually stayed there. As Helmsman Eric Ridder of *Constellation* sees it, "There will be less emphasis on navigation, but more on sail handling, tactics and helmsmanship, more variety, more marks to round, more action—more chances for the crew and board of directors to make mistakes, but more opportunities to recover."

But perhaps the most exciting first leading up to the 19th contest for the America's Cup will be simultaneous final trials to choose a challenger as well as a defender. Both *Sovereign* and *Kurera V* will be brought to the U.S. to battle down to the wire off Newport for the honor of representing the Royal Thames Yacht Club. Two English boats crossed the Atlantic as part of the campaign against *Ranger* in 1937. Under the terms of the Deed of Gift, *Endeavour I* was eligible, but Owner T. O. M. Sopwith decided on the basis of a few

informal cat's trials to challenge with the newer *Endeavour II*, so there were no real trials. The first *Endeavour*, turned over to an American helmsman, C. Sherman Hoyt, provided only companionable competition.

In the finals this time it will be winner take all for the English rivals, just as for their American counterparts, a sharpener of helmsmen and crews that no amount of polite practice against a trial horse can duplicate. For this as well as other reasons, there is already an indication that the challenge may be the strongest in nearly a century of trying. As the summer draws to a close, the 14m-*Columbia* epic of '58 could be replayed as a double feature if both sets of candidates are evenly matched. Or if the English and the surviving Americans each have one boat of pronounced superiority in light wind, and another in heavy, the drama could be heightened by a game of poker between the rival selection committees. Each must show its hand at least a week before the cup matches begin on September 15, so perhaps the draw will be influenced by the crystal ball of the weatherman.

To meet the invasion, Olin Stephens has turned out for Walter Gubelmann, Eric Ridder and their 30co-owners a boat that is visually quite a departure from the mold of *Vim* and *Columbia*. *Constellation* on her builder's ways conveys an impression of angularity—of knife-like leading and trailing edges—rather than the rounded contours of wineglass sections. According to her designer, she is "sharper and finer forward than *Columbia*, but a little beamier on deck because of flare in the topsides." Viewed from below, her keel appears sharp enough to slice a shark in two; the lead terminates in such a narrow wedge that a bronze shoe must protect it even from the weight of the boat on her cradle. But it is all that *Constellation* breaks most radically with past practice: the sternpost has been shoved forward to lessen keel length and resultant drag from wetted area, while the rudder has taken on an odd shape dubbed "fishtail" in the model tank. Narrow at the top, the blade curves like a scimitar to a wide base, terminating in a bronze-tipped point sharp enough to impale the same cruising shark should it attack from astern.

continued

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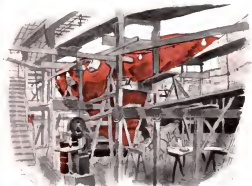
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TWELVES *continued*

Along with this goes a mast made in part of titanium, one of the modern semiprecious miracle metals, light but strong, and capable of tremendous flexing without breaking. Despite the secrecy enveloping the project, it may be assumed that it is the ability to bend that is being sought: skippers of smaller classes have long utilized flexible masts to vary the shape of their mainsails, and thus add enormously to their efficiency, so perhaps titanium will make possible the same thing in a 12. Great thought has gone into speeding the changing of sails and harnessing their power by means of experimental gadgets which are, at this stage, more hush-hush than a Cape Kennedy missile. In the cockpit Helmsman Eric Ridder will face such unusual devices as meters that measure tension at various points inside the mast.

N. (Bob) Bavier Jr. who, as secretary of the North American Yacht Racing Union, is an expert on nuances in the racing rules. He grew up sailing aboard his father's *Memory*, winner of the second Bermuda Race in 1924, and has recently successfully raced a boat of the same name himself. The navigator is K. Dun Gifford, a Harvard Law School student, chosen because of his ability to double in aluminum on a coffee grinder should short tacking duels develop. The deck crew will include men with former experience in 12s: bouncing Buddy Bombard of *Vim* and *Weatherly*, in charge of the foredeck, with another *Vim* '58 alumnus, Larry Scheu, directing activities amidships, plus Steve Van Dyck, Dick Gonnell and Bob Connell. Their long summer of drill has already begun with several weeks of practice aboard



WORKMEN IN A NEW YORK BOATYARD PUT FINAL POLISH ON "CONSTELLATION"

Over the long summer, however, the decisive factor is more likely to be men than machines. Ridder's own experience around the buoys stems principally from the 6-meters *Goose* and *Llanowir*; in the latter he was a member of the crew that won an Olympic gold medal at Helsinki in '52, and later went on to Sweden as helmsman to capture the One Ton Cup. "I got it the hard way," he recalls. "It goes to the first boat to win three races, and I lost the first two."

Alternate helmsman and tactical adviser aboard *Columbia* will be Robert

Neius, an older 12 whose deck layout, winches and even spinnaker-pole fittings were altered to be identical to those of *Constellation*. When the new boat is ready to sail they can switch over with no period of adjustment, an attention to detail that could pay off in the early trials.

While *American Eagle* at first glance does not appear quite as radical as her new rival, the difference is partially in design philosophy. She shares the New Look aft, with a sternpost well forward to lessen wetted surface, and also has a

continued



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rudder considerably wider at the bottom than at the top. But her underbody sighted from ahead is not unlike the midships sections of *Columbia* as originally built. Luders disagrees with Stephens on the efficiency of sharpening the bottom of the keel into a pronounced wedge. "It shows up better in the smooth water of the tank, but I have reservations on how it behaves in a full-size boat over ocean swells," he says.

In profile when aloft, *American Eagle* will show some striking features. Although there is no sheer or crown to the deck, it has been swung from the horizontal to slope downhill from bow to stern. At the mast there is a pronounced hump, taking advantage of a provision in the rule that allows a crown equal to 1/20th of the beam, yet keeping weight low. Aft, the chopped-off reverse transom of recent practice has been modified to a sweeping curve. Obviously a great deal of thought has gone into *American Eagle*. It is no secret that Bill Luders has been working on plans of a 12-meter ever since the class was adopted for America's Cup competition.

At *Eagle's* helm will be 51-year-old William S. Cox, who has spent much of his life racing boats round marks. His list of titles begins with a National Junior Championship in 1930, and runs through an intercollegiate victory five years later to national and international titles covering three decades. His experience in 12s extends back to 1937, when he was relief helmsman on *Glean*, undefeated during a New York Yacht Club cruise. His own relief helmsman will be Eugene W. (Bill) Stetson Jr., who has been sailing since he was knee-high to a tiller and a madcap competitor on Long Island Sound. His more recent experience includes the '58 campaign as a member of the crew of *Easterner*. Third man in *Eagle's* cockpit will be Navigator Halsey C. Herreshoff, who has the cup tradition in his blood, since he is the grandson of the great Nathaniel—"the Wizard of Bristol," who designed and built five vessels that successfully defended the cup six times.

The remainder of *American Eagle's* crew represents an unusual combination of youth, brawn and famous yachting names, culminating in John Nichols, who will be "not only in charge of the foredeck but the whole deck," in the words of Bill Cox. Nichols comes close to being the indestructible crewman: five trips

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TWELVES

to Bermuda and five consecutive summers in the 12s—*Weatherly* from 1958 to '61, and *Columba* in '62.

Despite the glamour of the newcomers, it is impossible to discount the vessels having another try at the greatest trophy in yachting. Commodore E. Ross Anderson's *Neferiti* was a good boat in '62, on some points of sailing almost a superb boat, and only came a cropper through the meteorological freak of a succession of windless days during the final trials, when she was outdistanced by *Weatherly*. Changes in *Neferiti* by Designer Ted Hood naturally will be aimed at bettering performances in the regattas. "We're filling in the turn of the bilge a little," he reported from Marblehead, "which is going to cut down the wetted surface and increase displacement. The boat will float a little higher, allowing more sail area under the rule."

The fattest 12 ever built will thus become fatter still below the waterline, but extensive tank tests indicate improved performance. Contrary to rumor, the mast will not be moved except for a slight forward rake, the fore triangle remains as old huge self, with the additional allowable area going into the mainsail. Nor will the sternpost be pushed forward, although the rudder will be given something of the New Look. The lead keel will be modified through reshaping. "We're shaving some off the top and adding it to the bottom," says Ted, thereby joining Billy Luder's in splitting tacks with Olaf Stephens on the wedge.

Again Ted Hood will act as helmsman, supported by five members of *Neferiti*'s '62 crew, which did an outstanding job of coping with the biggest genious and spinnakers in the fleet: Ross Anderson Jr., Jonathan Wales, Donald Logan, John Osgood and Toby Cosgrove. Added to this experienced nucleus will be David Rockefeller Jr., a nephew of New York's governor, and a group of graduates from Marblehead's great sailing kindergarten, including Steven Wales, 1961 North American Junior Champion. It is planned that posts from the foredeck to the cockpit, even including the navigator's, will be assigned on the basis of performance as the boat shakes down.

The fourth potential defender is, of course, *Columba*, the boat that won four straight cup matches against England's *Sceptre* and failed to repeat in the

trials held to select a defender against the Australian challenger, *Gretel*. She will take to the water virtually unchanged from her '62 form. "We're doing a little bit of work on the winches," says Skipper Podolak. "and that's about it until we have had a chance to study the boat under sail." Podolak's crew will fly east and begin practice during the weekend of May 22. In consultation with Olin Stephens, Podolak and Dougan are considering a modification in rudder shape to conform to the present trend, a narrowing of the upper spreaders—suggested by "Cory" Shields as a possible factor in *Heatherly's* improvement—and finally an addition of ballast. However, there is no plan to reshape the controversial keel. Between *Columbus's* successful version of '58 and her unsuccessful bid four years later, the lead was recast into the wedge shape on the basis of extensive work with models. When the former champion did not show winning form, many dockside designers blamed the keel change. This summer, with two boats sharp on the bottom and two retaining traditional contours, the efficacy of the testing tank will also be under test.

Pat Dougan, a quiet man with obvious ability to get things done, will be sailing aboard *Columbus* himself, along with two sons, Tom and Robby. Of the 11 men in the crew, eight will have worked together on meter boats before. One of the newcomers is Don Vaughn, a 6-foot-6-inch powerhouse who tried out for the Chicago Cardinals' professional football team before beginning a sailing career that now includes transpacific and transatlantic races. Part of Walter Podolak's optimism stems from confidence in his organization. He sees the new Olympic-style course as a strong factor in reducing the obsolescence of hulls. "It's skipper for skipper, and crew for crew," he said while looking up admiringly at *Columbus's* sleek underbody. "The rule has kept the boats from changing too much."

With the first set of trials scheduled to begin on Long Island Sound Monday, June 8, there isn't a great deal of time for any of the four contenders to do anything except work, work, work in preparation. Dedication to an ideal is not only a prerogative of those who make the sport possible financially, but extends down to every winch pump. And it is a devotion that cannot waver until the last leg is sailed. Another long hard summer of the 12s is under way. **END**

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SPALDING
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On a tour of London factories with a Russian trade delegation, shy, unobtrusive **Sergei Khronchuk**, son of the Soviet leader, did not have much chance to pursue his favorite sport—which is butterfly hunting. But he did find time to watch his favorite movie: *How the West Was Won*.

When **Clint Walker** is not slapping leather as Cheyenne, the terror of TV's badmen, he is generally heading out into the Pacific to dry-gulch a shark or two with rod and reel and a 2½-mile line set with 30 hooks. But sometimes, like TV villains, the varmints fight back. "I nearly lost a finger picking up a shark head," said Cheyenne last week. "He'd been dead two hours, but that shark's jaws snapped right shut."

Hollywood's best-known expatriate, **Orson Welles**, has become so enamored of bullfights that he has given up his

town house in London in order to spend more time at his villa in Madrid, which—since Orson is all Hollywood at heart—of course has a swimming pool. "Besides having all the bullfights I can ask for," says Welles, "I can tan and work at the same time. I start my day with a brisk 20-minute swim. Then if my mind or body becomes sluggish, another dip or swim tones me up again." *Old*.

Cupcakes and crumpets served up on fine Wedgwood pottery have been adding inches to the British waistline for 10 generations. But **Sir John Wedgwood**, the current boss of the factory, is having none today, thank you very much. If he is to achieve his ambition and descend into France's 4,000-foot Berger Cave with the team of British spelunkers headed there this summer, he has to chop 40 pounds off his 200-pound figure. "I'm not really too big for the

holes," says Sir John sheepishly. "I'm just too heavy to swing on the ladders."

The first horse she bet on pulled up lame and finished last. In the second race she backed another lover. But defeats only made **Joan Baez**, the barefoot girl of folk singing, feel like a better bettor. "I have a system," said compassionate Joan after her last bet at Churchill Downs. "I bet on the ones with the worst odds to make the horse and the jockey feel better."

Even at the age of 83, famed motorboat racer and designer **Gar Wood** has not relinquished his quest for speed. Still dreaming of further conquests in his trophy-packed Florida home, the man who in 1921 raced a motorboat against a railroad train from Miami to New York revealed last week that he and his younger brother Phil are now working on a high-speed golf cart that will zoom around the golf course at a breathless 40 mph.

Acting more like a stable boy than a princess, but looking mighty pretty in her fashionably baggy Fair Isle jersey, Queen Elizabeth's daughter **Anne** was all over the lot at Windsor Great Park, helping her father, Prince Philip, get ready for a polo game. When she paused for a moment to let the newsmen snap her picture (left), they could have sworn it was the Queen herself.

A 1932 Rolls-Royce, a 1937 Bentley, a 1964 Silver Cloud III, a Lincoln Continental and a Thunderbird stand gleaming and ready to go on **Tony Curtis'** Hollywood garage.

But the young actor from The Bronx still is not satisfied. A compulsive car collector, he puts together plastic car models in his workshop when not driving the real ones. "I'm not going to let any kid in my neighborhood have a better car collection than mine," says Tony, competitively.

Seeing the seventh **Earl of Lonsdale** driving through London last week in a yellow Mercedes prompted one London columnist to reminisce about his great sporting ancestor, the fifth Earl. "Lord Lonsdale," wrote the *Daily Telegraph's* Peterborough, whose humor is more often unconscious than intended, "was known for his boxing belt and sporting library. He drove to Ascot every year in a yellow wagonette with matched chestnuts and postillions in yellow livery. He was known universally from his own home in Rutland to the East End homes of his friends thecoasters as the Yellow Earl."

As head of the famed Haver Shoe stables, Pennsylvania horseman **L. B. Sheppard** is an old hand at picking winners. Come this summer, he will get a chance to test his handicapping in a new kind of race—picking potential presidents as an official delegate to the Republican National Convention.

The champion blue-water fisherman of the Bay of Biscay refused to accept delivery of his brand-new 62-foot sport-fishing cruiser until the Belgian navy gave its fancy navigational gadgets the once over. Why this special attention? The champion of the Bay of Biscay is **Baudouin**, King of the Belgians.





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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Never underestimate an overbidder

I can't understand why Mr. A is a losing player," someone once remarked to Helen Sobel. "He usually makes one more trick than anybody else would." Helen laughed. "That's envy," she said. "He bids no more than anyone else would."

There is an old saying that bold bidders make great players because they gain so much experience trying to make more than the usual number of tricks with their cards. I am all for bold bidding, as I recommended in my recent series (SI, Feb. 24), but there is such a thing as overly bold bidding. This usually leads to disaster, though once in a great while a player of skill can win a good result. In the Orient recently I witnessed a classic example.

The game was played on a warm evening in Manila by one of the leading players in the Philippines. Since, on this hand at least, his bidding was as bad as his play was good, I won't identify him. Call him South.

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♥	PASS	1 N.T.	PASS
2♣	PASS	4♥	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: king of diamonds

Most players in the Orient follow my own style of bidding, uncluttered by a rash of conventions. But South's selection of a one heart opening bid is a bit *too* natural. If he had opened with one spade and rebid two hearts, it would not have sounded as strong as his actual reverse bid, which encouraged North to jump to game—quite properly.

The opening lead of the diamond king was won by dummy's ace, and South faced a problem that is difficult even when you see all the cards. With only two entries to dummy, including the diamond ace, which he had already won, how was declarer to avoid losing more than one diamond, one spade and one trump trick? Obviously, he needed to find the trumps favorably split, the club king onside and the spade ace in East's hand. But even assuming these good breaks, it took skillful planning to take advantage of them.

Declarer's first lead from dummy was a spade. East ducked, and South won with the king. Next he led to the ace of hearts and played a second spade. East stepped in with the ace and led a diamond. After winning one diamond trick, West continued the suit, and South ruffed. Now declarer cashed his king of hearts and his queen of spades. Then he led his good spade. It would have done West no good to ruff high, so he discarded a club without any hesitation that might have revealed who had the missing trump.

But South had no choice in the matter. It would do him not the slightest bit of good to discard a club from dummy on the good spade. He had to get the lead into dummy in order to lead a club and his only chance was to find West with the third trump so that when dummy ruffed the spade it could not be overruffed.

Fortunately for declarer, East did not have the outstanding trump and he did have the king of clubs. The club finesse succeeded and South surrendered one trump trick to West, making his outrageously optimistic contract.

EXTRA TRICK

Rebidding in a higher-ranking suit than your first bid—called a reverse—shows a strong hand if the reverse occurs past the level of one no trump. This is not just an arbitrary rule; it is essential because partner is forced to bid at the three level merely to show that he prefers the suit you bid first. With a hand that is not strong enough to justify climbing that high, it is often best to bid a higher-ranking four-card suit ahead of a five-carter, thus avoiding a reverse rebid.

END



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All routes subject to change

If a Texas portent holds true, watch out for Big Billy

Casper won the Colonial by avoiding trouble on the banks of the Trinity, and history makes him a solid contender in the U.S. Open

One of the perplexities of today's pro tour is that Billy Casper, the soft, round golfer who plays so well on lean, hard courses, can win so many tournaments while enjoying so little acclaim. Last week he added the Colonial Invitation at Fort Worth to a list of titles that includes a U.S. Open, two Crosby championships and half a dozen others that are held on the most difficult of courses against the best opposition. He won with a one-under-par 279—only the second time in nine years a Colonial winner has been under par. He beat runner-up Tommy Jacobs by four strokes, and those players whose reputations have so deeply shadowed his own he defeated thoroughly: Arnold Palmer by eight shots, Gary Player by eight, Jack Nicklaus by 13 and Julius Boros by 14. Equally as interesting, for those who care to look ahead, Casper's Colonial win means he now must be ranked as one of the strongest contenders when the U.S. Open is held next month in Washington. Three times in its 17-year history the Colonial champion (Hogan in 1953, Bolt in 1958 and Boros last year) has shortly afterward taken the U.S. Open championship. On this basis, Casper is automatically a 5-to-1 shot, pretty short odds where the Open, or any golf tournament, is concerned. What is more, half the time the Colonial winner has managed to finish in the top five at the U.S. Open and two out of three Open winners have come from among the top five finishers at Colonial. In six of the past seven years the Colonial winner has had an excellent chance to win the Open going into the last nine holes. So if you want to use Colonial history as a form sheet, you can look for the 1964 U.S. Open champion to come from a group that includes Casper, Jacobs, Gene Littler, Dow Finsterwald,

Gay Brewer, Palmer and Player, men who finished first through fifth last Sunday at Fort Worth.

But if the record is both mute and eloquent, as statistics always are, attempting to get the right explanation of why Colonial is such a tip-off to the Open is not so simple. The men who should know are the players, but it is a mistake to ask them. If all their various and contradictory answers—each delivered with confident gusto—were fed into a computer they would yield nothing but an inelegant puff of smoke and a short circuit.

There are a few obvious considerations. The most important of these is that the tournament is held annually about five weeks before the Open and that a player must be reaching the peak of his game to win on a golf course that is one of the finest and most difficult in the country. Colonial is long—7,100 yards. Oak, pecan, hackberry, elm and willow trees flourish in abundance along its narrow, twisting fairways and around smallish but difficult bent-grass greens. Sand traps abound like fallen acorns, approximately 75 of them speckling the course, and there is a liberal sprinkling of ponds. But what really gives the course its punishing character is the Trinity River, which is nothing but a murky creek except at full flood. The Trinity comes into play on six holes. Its banks are tangled with undergrowth, and once you have hit a golf ball into it, it might as well be the Mississippi. Its presence is both exhilarating for the spectators and terrifying for the players.

This combination of distance, trees, sand and water conspires to make the Colonial one of the last tournaments that can be won with overpar golf. Nobody but Casper and Boros have broken par for 72 holes since the days when

continued



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GOLF *continued*

tournament officials moved the tees up because they thought spectators wanted to see the pros demolish a course. Now sponsors have learned that galleries relish seeing the pros humiliated, and Colonial can do it. It is not every week that Arnold Palmer has a 41, as he did on the first nine last Thursday. So in many ways Colonial is like an Open course.

Yet unlike the great majority of U.S. Open courses, Colonial is flat, and the rough bordering its fairways is not much deeper than the fur on a bear rug. Thus it can be argued that it is only coincidence which makes the Colonial tournament a harbinger of the Open.

"Yes, it's just coincidence," says Julius Boros, who oozes pride in his great ability to hit golf shots with a lazy take-it-or-leave-it lack of pushiness. "It's not really like most Open courses. It's flat,

THE WINNERS AT COLONIAL DO WELL AT THE OPEN

YEAR		COLONIAL FINISH	OPEN FINISH
1957	Roberto deVicenzo	1	8
1958	Tommy Bolt	1	1
1959	Ben Hogan	1	8
1960	Julius Boros	1	3
1961	Doug Sanders	1	2
1962	Arnold Palmer	1	2
1963	Julius Boros	1	1

and it's not a tight driving course. At the Open you must drive the ball long and straight. It's just that this is a tough course, and the best players win on the tough courses. A lot of the other tournaments are only putting contests where anyone can win." Boros, off his Colonial and Open successes last year, ought to know.

"No, it's not just coincidence," says husky Mike Souchak, who had won at Colonial in 1956 and has come close in the Open on three occasions. "I've learned how to play the Open, and it's the same here at Colonial. It's a tight driving course and you must keep the ball in play off the tee. There is no particular demand on your iron play. You just get the ball on the green somewhere, and anyone who can putt at all can get down in two for a par. Par golf wins here, just as it does at the Open." Jack Nicklaus agrees, more or less, with Souchak: tight driving course, no particular stress on iron play.

Convinced? Then just listen to Arnold

continued

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GOLF continued

Palmer. A first-round 75, scored despite the fact that he had hit almost every shot with energetic perfection, had sent him rolling into the pro shop, where he attempted to relax by vehemently re-wrapping the grip of his driver. "How can anyone say you don't need to hit good irons here?" he almost shouted, his wide forehead knit with astonishment. "In that respect this is one of the toughest courses we ever play. It is a tight driving course, but since you are going to miss a lot of greens you have also got to be able to get it up to the hole and down in one putt from off the green to win."

And in case there might be any final lack of confusion, Ernie Vossler, a once fine but now infrequent player on the circuit who has been a Colonial member since his amateur days in 1948, adds his own summation. "It's tougher than the Open courses," he says. "The long hitters aren't fond of it because there are too many holes where they have to play safe with an iron or three-wood off the tee. A short hitter can win at Colonial if he can hit his shots straight, but in the Open there are always two or three birdie holes. Here there are none."

At least one clear point emerges from the welter of conflicting opinions: the course is greatly respected by all who play it. This is exactly what its founder, Fort Worth's Marvin Leonard, had in mind when he put up the money for its construction back in 1935. Leonard, a prosperous oilman who also owns a six-block department store in downtown Fort Worth, brought in Golf Architects John Bredemus from Texas and Perry Maxwell from Oklahoma to lay down a course on a spread of brush-covered farm, dairy and floodland. "I want an outstanding course," he told them, and he turned out to be a tough man with a blueprint. He asked each designer to show him five distinct and different plans, then had them try five more.

"We walked them all and picked the one we liked best," he says. "We have modernized and enlarged and tightened some of the greens, but basically the course has not changed."

Colonial did what Leonard hoped it would do, bring big-time golf to Fort Worth, and it was a big-time field that wandered the banks of the Trinity last week. For the first three rounds it looked as if the player to finish first would fit most closely into Arnold Palmer's view

continued



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GOLF *Continued*

of what the winner must do: drive well and scramble deftly around the greens. On the first day Gary Player's two-under-par 68 was the low score. Friday an electrical storm sent the players scurrying for cover like—well, like people who did not want to be struck by lightning—and washed out the second round. Since national television coverage, as sweet to tournament sponsors as it is to presidential candidates, was involved, tournament officials further strengthened the Colonial's Open-trial motif by running off two rounds on Saturday. Thus a single, orderly 18 holes would be left to fill Sunday's prime TV time.

"I'm really pooped," moaned Billy Casper when he had finished his Saturday's double journey around the course. Casper seems to play with the nonchalance of a man out walking his dog, but he is actually an intense competitor who can score well when not playing well. In the morning he hit only 11 greens in regulation figures, but he one-putted 10 greens and shot a 67. In the afternoon he needed only 30 putts and shot a 70 to tie for the lead at 209 with Tommy Jacobs. "It was the best putting I've done in two or three years," Casper said. "I can't play this game. All I can do is putt. If I could start swinging at the ball I'd really shoot a score."

"Don't you just talk about putting when you talk about Casper," said Art Wall later, and he seemed almost angered at the very thought. "He has all the shots to be rated with the finest players."

On Sunday—playing with Wall—Casper showed he did have a fair country golf swing, even if he himself did not think much of it. He birdied the first hole and took a lead he was never about to give up. His tee shots were straight, and his long irons were hit low and crisply to the center of the greens. After six holes Jacobs had faded, and on the eighth the last man with a chance, Littler, saw one of his shots kick sickeningly off a bank and into the Trinity River. Casper did not challenge the Colonial course the rest of the way in, but he did not annoy it either, and he was home in an easy winner.

How does his victory make him feel about his prospects in the Open, Casper was asked. "Oh, oh," he laughed. "There is that question." And then he said: "I figure if I am putting well there is not any tournament I cannot win." That putting business again. Art Wall must have winced.

END



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ADAPTED BY J.A.M. GRAHAM

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CONTINUED

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It was a bright and pleasant afternoon in London during the early summer of 1839, but all was gloom in the heart of the 3rd Marquess of Waterford, who was despoiling the peace of a four-acre garden near Regent's Park by raising an uncommon clatter in his attempt to mount a horse. In defense of the marquis, he had an excuse for his difficulty, for he was somewhat hampered by the unaccustomed burden of an 80-pound suit of armor. At last, with the help of his squires, he reached the saddle. Grasping a pinewood lance with his right hand and peering through the narrow opening of his visor, he galloped close along one side of a five-foot barrier. Coming toward him on the other side of the barrier

was a strange contraption: a dummy knight perched on a wheeled wooden horse which rocketed down a pair of grooves. The marquess took as careful aim as the circumstances would allow, but something went disastrously wrong at the moment of impact. Horse and rider were no longer together, and 20 minutes later Waterford was still lying face down in a heap of sawdust and horse manure while his baffled squires twisted wrenches in an effort to release the nuts and bolts that held his armor together.

This all would have seemed passing peculiar—knighthood had been out of flower for 200 years—but for the fact that England was in a frenzy of a grand nostalgia for the vanished age of chivalry. Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe* and *The Lady of the Lake* were bestsellers, there was a fresh interest in heraldry, archery and falconry, and new castles were being built carrying every ornament, pinnacle and turret that could be fitted on them. Finally, and most improbable of all, a decision had been made to stage a medieval tournament replete with knights and jousting. The tournament was dreamed of as one of the most fantastic events in the history of English sports—and that is what it turned out to be. It was while practicing for it that the discomfited Marquess of Waterford ended breastplate down in a London garden.

The story of knighthood's last tournament actually began one year earlier, in 1838. The young Queen Victoria was being crowned, and in the interest of economy much of the traditional ceremony of the coronation was dropped. The peerage had confidently expected to be asked to a \$300,000 banquet at which the Queen's Champion would appear in full armor on a charger, preceded by two trumpeters and two esquires and escorted by the Lord High Constable and the Earl Marshal. Tradition held that the Champion was then supposed to throw down a steel gauntlet, and anyone who disputed the new sovereign's claim to the throne was to pick it up and fight. After doing this three times, the Champion would back his horse all

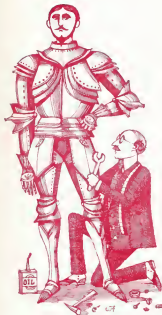
the way down Westminster Hall to the entrance, no easy feat in full armor.

But budget problems led to all this being given up, a decision that much displeased the peers, who liked their pomp and ceremony. One such disappointed noble was Archibald William Montgomerie, 13th Earl of Eglinton and the 26th of his family to own a large Scottish estate that dated back to the 12th century. Eglinton's stepfather, Sir Charles Lamb, was the Earl Marshal's deputy and would have had the job—while clad in a scarlet dress slashed with blue, a scarlet cloak and blue stockings—of clearing the floor of Westminster Hall for the Queen's Champion.

Eglinton was incensed, as well, at missing the spectacle of the Champion, a veritable knight in armor casting his steel gauntlet as though at a tournament. Both he and his half brother, young Charlie Lamb, were thoroughly steeped in the myths and lore of chivalry and addicted to reading about medieval ceremonies.

After the coronation that August, a house guest at Eglinton Castle made a suggestion. Every spring Lord Eglinton held a private race meeting. Why not add to the amusement by instituting medieval games? And perhaps one of his friends might actually appear in armor and perform the ceremony of the Challenge, while others could run at rings and tilt at quintains. Eglinton laughed at the idea, but more or less agreed. Within weeks the rumor was all over the country: Lord Eglinton was going to stage a full-scale tournament. Hundreds of friends wrote to congratulate him. The earl at first merely smiled at the exaggerated reports. But after a while he started to think seriously about the idea. He consulted his stepfather and his half brother. Pushed along by them, partly because they looked forward to the fun and none of the expense, Lord Eglinton announced that the rumor was correct.

Not that the expense worried Eglinton. For the past 200 years his ancestors had been continually in debt, the amounts ranging from half a million to two million dollars. The general pattern was that the inheritor of the title took over a



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Left: Strata-Bow bonds together 18 wood strips into a single resilient unit, reinforced to keep its shape under hard play and high string tension.

Right: The big power smash, photographed at 1/30,000 sec., shows the remarkable tension-strength of Strata-Bow.

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deficit of several hundred thousand. By comparatively frugal living for 20 years he extinguished the debt. Then, unburdened by conscience, he would carry on the family tradition of extravagance from the age of 40 until his death, so that his heir inherited another six-figure burden to pay off.

But the 13th earl, at the age of 21, paid \$14,000 for an Act of Parliament to release him from the strictures of his trustees. This gave him an annual spending income of some \$60,000, while the trustees were left to cope with the \$2 million in debts as best they could. (Eglington could use the money, because, or so it was said, he kept women like he kept horses, and he had a great many fast horses.) Still, when the earl began to organize his tournament he had no inkling that it was going to cost him two years' income or that it would leave him a financial cripple for life. There were lots of other things he did not know.

Eglington compiled a list of 150 prospective knights and held a meeting in the Bond Street showroom of Samuel Pratt, London's largest dealer in armor. All sorts of problems quickly presented themselves, for nothing on this scale had been done for more than 200 years. For example: How were tournaments proclaimed? Should the College of Heralds be approached? What were the proper dimensions for a list? Ought one to ask the Queen's permission? (He did not, and, under a 12th century edict of Henry III, he should have been disinherited.)

Each of these details and many others about costs, scoring, forfeits, challenges, *gages d'armes* and the Queen of Beauty were all debated at great length, every knight having his own ideas—sensible or otherwise—according to his strength, wealth and temperament, and each insisting that he alone was right. Toward the evening most of them lost their tempers and, but for Pratt's agonized entreaties, the Eglington Tournament might have begun then and there.

Only one matter of importance was decided at this first meeting—the general form of the event. The earliest tournaments, those held up to the 14th century, were fought on open ground, and the

straight impact of the lance often resulted in real casualties. The 1st Earl of Salisbury died of wounds after jousting, and in 1383 his son killed his son at a tournament. The safer form of the sport, and the one adopted by Eglington, was for the knights to joust on either side of a tilt, a wooden fence five or six feet high. A knight riding on the right of the tilt with his lance in his right hand could strike his opponent with no more than an oblique and relatively harmless blow.

The scoring was done on a special piece of paper called a cheque and was worked on a point-system basis not unlike that in boxing. The system was laid down in the 15th century: "Who so beareth a man downe with a stroke of a speare, shall have the prize. Who so hitteeth three times, in the sight of the helmet, shall have the prize. . . . Who so breaketh most speares as they ought to be broken: between the saddle and the channell of the helmet, one point; from the cournall upwards, two points; striking his adversary downe, or putting him out of his saddle, or disarming him in such wise as hec may not runne the next course, or breaking his speare cournall to cournall—three points."

The prize had always been perfectly straightforward. The winner took the loser's equipment. When this was announced by Eglington, more than half the entrants resigned, for few were as rich as the earl and they could not afford to risk losing \$1,000 worth of armor, though who knows what they intended to use it for later? Of the 40 who decided to go on with it, some had suits of armor at home, some had friends from whom they could borrow and the others gave provisional orders to Mr. Pratt.

During the winter, Pratt visited Portugal, Spain, Italy and Germany to purchase quantities of armor, and by spring the knights were able to start getting in trim for the tournament, which was planned for August 28. They had a lot to learn. They needed to know what kind of undergarments would make them the least uncomfortable under the close-

fitting steel, for a close fit was considered essential. The armorer wanted exact measurements and sometimes made a wax model of a knight's legs. They had to cope with the mechanical difficulties of mounting and dismounting without disaster, and horses had to be trained to gallop close to the wooden barrier. The keenest of the contestants put in hours of practice in London. Not only did they tilt at a trolley-mounted dummy—the Railway Knight, they called it—but also at the quintain. This was a dummy that was mounted with outstretched arms and which twirled freely on a vertical pole. If you struck it full in the chest you shivered your lance and all was well, but if it was hit on the right or left breast it spun around and whacked you on the head as you passed.

By the last dress rehearsal the number of knights had been reduced to 19, but they seemed proficient. A crowd of 2,600 spectators at this final practice—"the very elite of the most elite," in the words of a journalist—were enthralled by a sight that no Englishman had seen for two centuries.

All was now set for August 28. After Goodwood race meeting, the knights went home to get organized. Lord Glenlyon, nephew of the Duke of Atholl, had set himself an especially extensive amount of work to get through. He had already gone the whole hog in his order from Pratt:

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A set of Horse caparisons with tilting saddle and Horse Armour complete.

And so on, through the emblazoned banners, shield, expense of repairs after practice sessions, chain-mail shirt, sword, a short suit of armor for practicing, 15 lances and a pair of gilt spurs. It all came to about \$3,000. In addition, he thought it would be nice to arrive at Eglington not unaccompanied, so he expended a

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WILTED KNIGHTHOOD *continued*

further \$12,000 equipping, clothing and feeding a small private army of 78 officers and men, a group that is still in existence today and is known as the Atholl Highlanders.

In the meantime, Lord Eglinton's estate staff had been busy. They enclosed a space 650 feet long and 250 feet wide as the list. And the indefatigable Pratt, with 80 London carpenters, arranged for stands and pavilions to be set up. There was even to be a box for the press, a rarity in those days. The clerks in the estate office found themselves with an unaccustomed amount of correspondence. The earl was quite used to having 1,000 or 1,500 guests at his race meetings, and he generously let it be known that people could have free tickets for the tournament if they wrote to him. He would like it, he said, if they would come in costume, uniform or fancy dress. He reckoned on dealing with the usual numbers of locals from Glasgow and Edinburgh, swelled a little, perhaps, by some of the London gentlemen who would be in Scotland for the grouse shooting.

What he did not expect was applications from every county in the British Isles—and not for single tickets, but for parties of 20, 50 and 100. Eventually, although new applications for tickets were being turned down a full week before the event, the crowd that was to arrive on the 28th was estimated at 100,000—17% of the adult population of Britain. For the first time in history the railway had made it easy to reach a rural sporting event. Spectators from London took a day train to Liverpool, then an overnight steamer to Anderson, and arrived in time to eat a Scottish breakfast. An unusual sight they must have been for the local residents, what with many of them complying with Eglinton's request to wear fancy dress.

"We would be happy to appear in our Knight Templars dresses," wrote J. W. Dunlop and three friends from Edinburgh. "I intend to appear in a Red Hunting Coat," announced James Edington from Glasgow. Jas. Tertius Mommson wrote from Avranches: "I beg to solicit the information whether I will be admitted in the Walking Summer Costume de Campagne of a French Gent. of

La Manche, Normandy, viz: a largestraw hat and Blous of Checked Cotton?"

In the leisurely days before the big rush for tickets, Eglinton's staff seems to have been reasonably selective about whom they would admit. Eglinton himself was staunchly anti-Whig in his politics, and many applicants stressed their Tory sympathies in order to get tickets. But a Mr. Paxton, writing from Kilmarnock, was about to be sent a ticket when somebody checked up on his political background. His letter bears the following evidence:

"Granted" (heavily scratched out)

"Enquire if a Conservative"

"NO"

"Refused" (fiercely underlined)

For those who were invited, there remained one more problem, that of finding somewhere to sleep. All hotels were immediately booked from cellar to attic. Rooms in the houses of local inhabitants were at first available—at four times the usual amount. An American author, Nathaniel Parker Willis, wrote of presenting himself at the door of the Eglinton Arms hotel the day before the tournament and asking for accommodations. There were none. Could he come in and wash and shave? Out of the question, said the landlord. Willis, evidently a fearless and self-reliant traveler of the American type, forced his way in. Finding an open door on an attic landing, he went into the room and used the water in a washbasin there, despite occasional visits from the maids whose quarters he supposed it was. He took no notice and, finding himself without a towel, made use of his sheets.

Meanwhile there was much activity at Eglinton Castle. The great octagonal hall, always hung with weapons and trophies of the chase, was bright with the blazoned banners of the visiting knights. (Lord Eglinton had, in all, 91 houseguests.) Beyond, in what was normally the library, were crates of pink costumes for the servants embroidered with a huge E and a coronet, as well as staggering quantities of halberds and armor for the men-at-arms and

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retainers. The place was packed with members of the staff waiting to be given appropriate suits, and Pratt himself, helped by 30 assistants, was busy taking their measurements.

From time to time one of the knights would scurry through the room. There were by now only 13 contestants, apart from Eglinton himself: one marquis, two earls, two viscounts, a baronet, two honorables, two army captains and three plain misters. Their average age was 29. For medieval purposes each adopted a new title: Knight of the Dragon, of the Griffin, of the White Rose. Eglinton, who was 26, called himself Lord of the Tournament.

Now, the county of Ayrshire lies on the west coast of Scotland to the south of Glasgow. Although it is in the Lowlands and only 50 miles from the English border, its moors and hills, if not so grand, are as wild and beautiful as any to be found to the north, while toward the sea, toward the capital of Ayr itself and toward Lord Eglinton's castle and estates, its farms and meadows are rich and lush. The air is sweet, soft, enchanting and filled with the promise of the sea. Gulls mew in the wake of the plow, and the sparkling bays are splashed with tumbling ginnets. After rain on a sunny morning the view across the shining sands and green water of the mountainous islands of Bute and Arran casts a spell on the hearts of all who have ever seen it.

But there is a snag—the changeable weather. The prevailing warm Atlantic wind causes persistent rainfall. If the hills can be seen clearly, it is likely to be wet soon; if they cannot be seen at all, it is certain to be raining already. The sun shines, the sea evaporates, clouds form and are wafted to Ayrshire. There they begin to lift and precipitate, finally to burst with the force of a Biblical deluge.

The morning of the tournament, many of the thousands converging upon the site had plenty of time to admire the sharp details they could see on Bute and Arran across the Firth of Clyde. Progress was slow. The 30 miles of road from Glasgow were blocked solid with horse-drawn vehicles. Around the castle itself

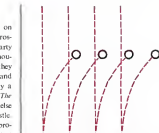
no movement was possible except on foot. Every seat in the train from Ardrossan to Irvine had been seized by a party of 80 Campbells from Dunoon. Camouflaged in tartan from head to foot, they captured all the available trucks and trundled off toward the list, led by a band of fearsome pipers playing *The Campbells are Comin'*. Everyone else had to walk the eight miles to the castle.

But there was no real hurry. The procession round the list was timed to start at 12 o'clock. When noon passed and nothing happened, the crowd began to get restless. After a while a castle minion, a halberdier in the Eglinton colors with a blue-and-yellow soup-plate hat, announced that the knights would be late arriving.

The cause of the delay was lamentably obvious to those who were close to the castle. All who have ever been in the army or any similar professional body will know the problems involved in arranging a parade, and the task was twice as hard at Eglinton because, instead of being experienced, the participants were amateurs. The procession consisted of 40 groups, and all of them had to march to the castle, collect an officer, knight or damsel and retrace their steps to halt at a prearranged point. But there was only a single approach to the castle, so all troops who were marching up had to make their way through those who were marching down.

Finally everyone was ready: the Eglinton herald in a massive tabard, the Judge of Peace in crimson velvet, the Knight Marshal in steel and surcoat on an armed, plumed, caparisoned horse, the Ballochmyle Archers ("a band of nymphs in Lincoln Green"), the King of the Tournament in cape and coronet, Lord Eglinton himself in a suit of gold and all the knights complete in armor, with pages, esquires, retainers and even musicians, more than 100 of whom were mounted and another 100 armed. It was a splendid procession, but it was also one that was half a mile long and three hours late.

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WILTED KNIGHTHOOD *crepusculi*

wife of Baron Seymour and distantly related to the unfortunate third wife of Henry VIII. Her horse was led toward the porch, and she was announced by blast from a trumpeter. Then, as her name was cried by a chamberlain, as her train was lifted by her pages, as her ladies brought her toward her royal coach, there was a sudden hush and a strange darkness. A single flash of lightning parted the sky. There was a mighty clap of thunder, and a fearful storm began. The ladies of the procession were ordered by Eglington to shelter. The line of knights that had moved toward the list in perfect weather now looked like a bedraggled dragon. Lord Londonderry keynoted the entire spectacle as he rode in the middle of the procession holding aloft a tremendous green umbrella.

Eglinton soon decided to dispense with all preliminaries: the crowds were soaked and chilled to the bone and becoming restless. Even in the royal box, which was roofed, all was not well. Many of Lord Eglinton's guests were wearing expensive fancy costumes and had brought no overcoats. But the roof, ordered by Mr. Pratt, consisted not of the proper tongued-and-grooved wood. It was made of plain boards laid edge to edge.

It was not long before the rain was falling as hard inside as it was on the unsheltered crowds outside. "My 1st feeling," wrote Lady Londonderry the next day in a letter to Disraeli, "was to sit down and cry—my 2nd to tear Mr. Pratt into small pieces."

The first two knights took their places at opposite ends of the list, four hours late, and the action was on. The Knight Marshal raised his baton, the heralds shouted, "*Laissez les aller*," the Eglington trumpeters blew the charge, the knights dropped their lances in the rests and the dripping horses skidded forward uneasily.

Then there was a roar of laughter. The two knights—Edward Jerminham, Knight of the Swan, and James Fairlie, Knight of the Golden Lion—clanked down the sodden list and galloped harmlessly right past each other. Their sec-

ond effort was no better, and their third was even worse, for the Knight of the Golden Lion again poked thin air while the Knight of the Swan, trying to reach his opponent in a last, frantic, exasperated effort, almost fell off his horse as he dropped his spear, to which was tied his wife's cambric handkerchief. From this moment, if not before, if not indeed from the very day it was thought of, the Eglington Tournament was doomed to certain failure.

So now, as the other knights appeared, as the Knight of the Dragon challenged Lord Eglington, as Sir Francis Hopkins jousted Mr. Lechemere, as Lord Glenlyon ran at Lord Alford, and as, in the last combat of the day, the two lords—Waterford and Alford—champed together and tried to impale each other, the crowd watched with impatience and contempt or, once in a while, a rueful grimace of sympathy.

It was far worse than the most boring point-to-point or race meeting. There were long gaps while the knights rested and adjusted their armor, and when at length they ran again, each time, with few exceptions, they either botched their strokes or they missed their opponents completely.

The only combat of any note was between Lords Eglington and Waterford. Both were excellent horsemen, both had taken their training seriously, both were wearing comfortably fitting armor, both were out to prove their skill and, in spite of increasingly difficult conditions—for every hoofmark had become a puddle and the list was extremely slippery—both dashed at each other as hard as they could. Although on the second course they missed, on the first and last Lord Eglington engaged, striking the center of the Dragon's shield and breaking his spear on it perfectly.

He remembered, too, as soon as he had done so, to throw away the butt. Such an act was most important, for the splinters of a broken shaft can easily penetrate the opponent's visor, and the earl's ancestor, Count Montgomerie, accidentally killed Henry II, King of France, in just this way in 1159. Moreover, the sheriff of Ayr had warned Eglington that anyone causing a fatal casualty would

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WILTED KNIGHTHOOD *continues*

be charged with manslaughter—or even with murder.

Finally, the last course was run. Lord Eglinton addressed such of the crowd as could hear him, apologizing for the weather and promising to try a further tournament later in the week. In the meantime, he bade them farewell and wished them a most successful journey homeward.

But it was not as easy as all that. The shallow Lugton burn, which wound around the list, had become a raging torrent, and the list was almost flooded. No vehicle could move. One hundred thousand spectators began to make their way on foot through the renewed rain, the mud pulling their shoes from their feet; young and old, rich and poor, jostled together like cattle at a fair and behaved with as little civility. Even on the highroad the mud from the feet of the foremost accumulated into a trail of slimy mire for those following. Any carriages that happened to appear were seized by force by the nearest pedestrians. Only the wicked reached their firesides in comfort. Two noted London mobsters and pickpockets, Elephant Smith and Bill Caughty, had come to the tournament wearing suits of armor, thinking that this would prove an impenetrable disguise. But Pratt had hired two of London's sharpest police detectives who, also in disguise, immediately cottoned on to the rascals and picked them off to Ardrossan, where they dumped their armor into the harbor and sat in the saloon of the steamer, out of the rain if no warmer.

Many people who lived at a distance—particularly women in fancy dresses—never forgot the night that followed.

By 9:30 it was pitch-dark and rain continued to fall in sheets. The roads were chaotic in all directions. In desperation, people sheltered in cowsheds, burrowed caves in the sides of haystacks, crouched in the holes of hollow trees and even returned to huddle beneath the grandstand.

When at last morning came and they reached places like Ayr and Kilmarnock, they found that others had got there

continues



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before them. There was no food, no drink, no accommodation, no transport, not even a change of clothing for those who could pay for it. In the great rush of the previous evening every single thing had been sold, and at more than eight times the normal profit. One woman from Edinburgh was compelled to pay \$16 for a single pair of stockings.

Back at the castle there were at least fires, diligent servants to bring a change of clothes and chefs to cook the dinner. But next morning, when the knights went down to inspect the list, they must have caught their breaths and gasped with misery. The scene in the once-gay amphitheater was fit for a troubadour's lament. Although the grandstand had withstood the storm, very little else had managed to survive it. Harness and equipment were strewn about, broken lances added in the burn, here and there a piece of armor lay in the mud, already rusted. Only heaps of sodden canvas marked the sites of the once magnificent pavilions.

It was, realistically speaking, the end of the tournament. But there was still a proposal to joust again the next day. This led to great activity in the castle. Maids washed and mended frantically, for most of the costumes had shrunk and were stained, armorers hammered and scoured like demons, and the knights fought each other with staves and broomsticks in the ballroom.

Friday was bright and cloudless, and the jousts were held with moderate success in front of crowds which were large, although not by Wednesday's standards. The Knight of the Swan was winged in the arm and needed medical attention. And though Fairlie technically gained the highest score, it was Eglinton who was led to the Queen of Beauty and given the golden circlet reserved for the victor. There was a special melee in which two teams of knights charged at one another and tried, with a single blow of their swords, to cut the crests off each other's helmets (hence the word "crestfallen"). They were meant to swipe and gallop on but Lord Waterford, failing to keep his temper, suddenly wheeled around and pounded after Lord Alford. The two began to fight in earnest,

continued



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

AMERICAN LEAGUE It started out like a bad week for Dave Nicholson of CHICAGO. He was hitting .206, and slamming a garage door on his hand would not help matters. Or would it? First he hit a three-run homer to beat the Angels 3-2. Then in a double-header he hit three more home runs, one a prodigious drive estimated at 573 feet. In all, Nicholson batted .391 for the week, scored nine runs and drove in 10 as the White Sox won five of seven and took over first place. "Put your hand under the garage door again," urged teammate Eddie Fiske. Nicholson hit his long homer against Moe Drabowsky of KANSAS CITY (4-4), who has practically made a career of being spectacularly unsuccessful. Examining his record, Drabowsky said, "I gave Mussel his 3,000th hit. I was the loser when Wynn won his 300th game. And now this." Although the Athletics hit 13 home runs (five by Rocky Colavito), the pitchers gave up 21 and an average of nearly seven runs a game. John Wyatt somehow managed to win three times in relief, however. Good pitching was scarce last week, but one of the best performances was turned in by Tommy John, a CLEVELAND rookie, who used only 74 pitches in shutting out the Orioles on three hits. It also earned him a start against the Yankees. In that game John threw even fewer pitches—seven, to be exact—but gave up four hits and three runs before being removed. That outburst was typical of NEW YORK (6-2), which ended its hitting slump by scoring 38 runs in its last five games. WASHINGTON (3-6) went into a fielding slump (10 errors) and landed kerpunk in last place. Only clutch hits by Jim King, Don Lock and Chuck Hinton, plus good relief pitching by Ron Kline, kept the week from being a total disaster. Things were even worse for DETROIT, which led in all six of its games yet could win only one. Reliever Larry Sherry lost three times in five

days. About the only fun the Tigers had was when they visited the World's Fair while in New York. As far as Manager Hank Bauer was concerned, his BALTIMORE (5-3) players were having too much fun on a plane trip after a loss. Bauer gave them a tongue-lashing, declared later, "I won't put up with an I-don't-care attitude. I trust they now understand this." They understood well enough to win their next two games with late rallies. Manager Sam Mele of MINNESOTA was angry, too. His players hit 17 homers (Jimmie Hall had five), but because of the "worst pitching I've ever seen" the Twins lost five of seven games. Excellent relief work by Dean Chance and Willie Smith and a three-run pinch homer by Jim Fregosi enabled LOS ANGELES to split eight games and climb to sixth. Eddie Bressoud of BOSTON (4-3) set a club record by hitting in 20 consecutive games at the start of this season. Dave Moore-head (five-hit shutout), Jack Lamabe and Dick Radatz chipped in with strong pitching.

NATIONAL LEAGUE In April, when Wes Covington of PHILADELPHIA was having a hard time hitting, a teammate gave him some advice. "Put your bat in the whirlpool," he said. Covington declined, but last week both he and his bat were healthy again anyway. One day he hit a game-winning homer, the next night he drove in two runs, and then he demised his week with five RBI's in the next game. Covington's hitting ended a three-game Phillies losing streak and got the team off on a run of four straight wins. Nobody, though, could quite match SAN FRANCISCO's Willie Mays. His .542 batting and Bob Shaw's effective relief pitching helped carry the front-running Giants to six wins in seven games, four of them by one run. Two of those one-run decisions came against HOUSTON (2-4). As frustrated as Manager Harry Craft was, it was a mere

coincidence (so he insists) that the Colts checked into a Los Angeles hotel where a psychiatrists' convention was being held. LOS ANGELES (2-4) made progress, of a sort, advancing from ninth place to a tie for eighth. Of greater importance was the good pitching by Sandy Koufax, who returned from two weeks of medical care and pitched a 10-inning 2-1 win over the Cubs. "It was a triumph for medical science," Koufax said. Ken Boyer of ST. LOUIS (4-3) had a less scientific explanation for his .431 hitting for the past two weeks. Pointing to an undershirt once used by Stan Musial that he himself was now wearing, Boyer said, "It wasn't Stan's talent, it was the clothes he wore." Except for a win and a save by Roger Craig, the bullpen was more harmful than helpful. NEW YORK's Casey Stengel had so little faith in his bullpen that he asked Al Jackson to go back out and pitch the ninth inning against the Reds, even though the little southpaw had asked to be relieved because of a pain in his shoulder. Jackson dutifully went back to work and hung on for a 3-2 win for the Mets (2-6). FOR CINCINNATI (4-4), that was the first of three straight losses. Leo Cardenas batted .444, but the Reds' supposedly strong pitching looked very weak. MILWAUKEE's pitchers began the week with three impressive wins: a two-hit shutout by Hank Fischer, a two-hitter by Denny Lemaster, a four-hit shutout by Warren Spahn. Tony Clossinger later added a 2-1 victory. In their other three games, all losses, the pitchers were tagged for 26 runs and 35 hits. The final loss was 10-0 to PITTSBURGH (4-3), as Vernon Law pitched a five-hitter, his best game since 1960. Bob Friend also pitched a shutout, beating the Cardinals 1-0. Willie Stargell played in only four games but drove in 10 runs. CHICAGO (2-3) got plenty of hitting from Billy Williams (.526), Ron Santo (.389) and Andre Rodgers (.375).



JUAN MARICHAL: LAST WINTER AHEAD

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

Last Friday was a big day in the life of Juan Marichal, the Giants' leading pitcher. In the afternoon he signed the papers for a new \$40,000 home in San Francisco, a long step from the family banana-and-ice plantation in the Dominican Republic where he labored as a boy. That night, in celebration, Marichal pitched a splendid five-hit shutout against the Los Angeles Dodgers at Candlestick Park, his second victory of the week over the world champions. It was Marichal's fifth straight win of the season and his 11th in a row going back to last September. The string of victories started when he defeated Chicago for his 20th win of 1963. Marichal puts a lot of store by his pitching

motion, a high-kicking move that proves distracting to the batter. "Ortega was much faster than I was tonight," said Marichal after his shutout, "but my motion was bigger than ever." Says Giant Manager Alvin Dark, "When Juan has his stuff, which is most of the time, he cannot understand how anyone can hit him. I've seen that puzzled look several times. But when he doesn't have his stuff, he can't wait to be lifted."

When this season is over, Marichal will not return to the Dominican Republic, as is his habit, but will remain in San Francisco in his \$40,000 home. "Maybe I can get a job here!" he asked. If Marichal continues to pitch as he has this season, he will not need a winter job for a long time.

YESTERDAY

A Pitch that Baffled the Babe

Shucks Pruett of the Browns could stop the great Ruth almost at will with an artful kind of fadeaway

by GERALD HOLLAND

The greatest ball club ever to wear the uniform of the old St. Louis Browns was not their one pennant winner in the wartime, made-do season of 1944. Those American League champions would not have been worthy to roll back the tarpaulin on rainy days for the team that fought the New York Yankees right down to the wire and lost out by a single game in 1922.

The Browns of '22 were the Browns of George Sider at the peak of his career. He hit .420 for the season, hit safely 41 games in succession, stole 51 bases and was a picture of grace and poise at first base and at the plate that oldtime Brownie fans—a dwindling number, to be sure—still talk about.

That was the year of the great outfield—Kenny Williams (who drove in 155 runs), Johnny Tobin and Baby Doll Jacobson. That was the year the fans broke down the fences when the stands of old Sportsman's Park (now Busch Stadium) were jammed beyond capacity. That was the year of The Pitch—The Pitch that bamboozled Babe Ruth.

The Pitch was not thrown by the ace, Urban Shocker, who won 24 games in 1922. The Pitch that was the despair and frustration of Ruth was delivered by a 21-year-old, 135-pound stripling the Browns had signed out of the University of Missouri. His name was Hubert Shelby Pruett, and he was nicknamed "Shucks" because that happened to be the strongest word in his vocabulary.

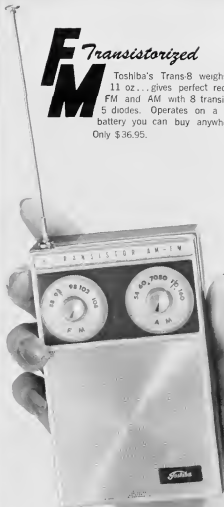
Shucks Pruett liked to play ball, but his real ambition was to become a doctor like his father before him. It was only when he found himself in a major league

continued

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Shucks Pruett

uniform that he realized baseball might be the means of getting him through medical school. And things worked out exactly that way, although it took Pruett eight years instead of four to get his degree.

Credit to Christy

Today Dr. Pruett is 63, portly and white-haired. One day recently, after he had seen the last of his patients at his office in a suburb of St. Louis, he sat down at his desk with a cup of coffee and took a deep breath. "It's a long time ago," he said, "but I can remember every moment of that 1922 season."

He held up his hand and twisted his wrist in a motion that was the reverse of that used for a curve ball.

"The pitch that gave Ruth so much trouble that year," he said, "was my version of the fadeaway—actually a tricky kind of screwball—made famous by Christy Mathewson of John McGraw's New York Giants. Mathewson had been a boyhood hero of mine and I wanted to learn to throw his great pitch. There was an oldtime ballplayer named Barney Peltz living in my town in southeastern Missouri, and I asked him if I could learn the fadeaway even though I was a left-hander. Barney said he would coach me and pretty soon I was throwing it pretty well.

"By the time I was pitching for the varsity at the University of Missouri, the opposing hitters weren't getting a foul off the fadeaway. I threw the fadeaway three ways. Thrown overhand, it acted somewhat like a slider—it moved out. Underhand, the ball nose-dived—this was my big strikeout pitch. I also threw it with a three-quarter motion. Any way I threw it, the ball would break sharply away from a right-handed batter, break into a left-handed hitter.

"The first time I faced Babe Ruth was in relief. When I went out to the mound, I didn't know who he was. All I knew was that he was a left-handed hitter, and I didn't have much trouble with left-handers. I struck him out with three pitches. Altogether, I think I faced Ruth 13 times that season and struck him out 10 times. In the crucial September series that decided the pennant, I beat the Yanks, 5-1, but Ruth got a homer off me. Not off the fadeaway, though. I wanted to throw it, but Hank Severid, our catcher, shook me off and called for the curve. Ruth hit a line drive over the

continued

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By Tony Lema with Gwilym S. Brown

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Shucks Pruett *continued*

low right-field wall. There was no blocking screen at that point as there is in Busch Stadium today. Today, Ruth's homer would have been a double.

"I struck out Ruth maybe 15 times out of 30 times I faced him in '22 and '23. I don't think he ever hit my fadeaway. Toward the end of the 1922 season, I developed a sore arm. A lot of people thought the fadeaway caused my arm to go bad. Actually, the fadeaway was easier on my arm than the curve. I think my arm suffered from overwork. At one point, I pitched parts of six straight games. I guess I was one of the original firemen. One time I was sent in to face Ty Cobb with a count of three and nothing on him. He took the first two strikes. I threw him and then went down swinging on the fadeaway. Later somebody told me that Cobb said, 'That kid won't last long with that crazy pitch.'"

Pruett smiled and glanced up at his medical diploma.

"Actually," he said, "I was a mediocre pitcher after 1923. Baseball became, drudgery, but I needed the money to pay for my medical studies. I went down to the minors and came up again with the Giants and ended up with the Braves. I was pretty fair in relief when I was with the Giants. I went to school wherever I could pick up a course where I had left off. After Missouri I attended Washington University in St. Louis, Harvard, the University of Chicago, Tennessee, and finally got my M.D. at St. Louis University."

He lit a cigarette and took a thoughtful sip of coffee.

"My won-and-lost record doesn't look too impressive. What got me a reputation and kept me in baseball were those dramatic strikeouts of Ruth. Seeing the Babe strike out was almost as exciting as seeing him hit a home run. I owe him a lot. I only spoke to him once in my life. I met him in 1948 here in St. Louis at a baseball dinner sponsored by the Ford Foundation. Babe was receiving an award from *The Sporting News*. I went up and introduced myself and said, 'Thanks, Babe, for putting me through medical school. If it hadn't been for you, nobody would ever have heard of me.' The Babe remembered me. He said, 'I'm glad there weren't many more like you. I never would have gotten by in the major leagues. If I had anything to do with making you a doctor, well, I'm glad I helped somebody.'"

END



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—Defending Champion **RUSSIA** won its games and lost none for its second straight title in the women's world tournament in Leningrad. Peru took other from Chinese countries, Czechoslovakia (3-1) and Bulgaria (0-3), placed second and third, while the U.S. (4-3), which was evaded 70-27 in its game with the Soviets, finished fourth in the 12-nation field.

BOXING—John B. Kibbey's 73-foot shortstop slumped his game and lost again for the second straight time in the women's world tournament in Leningrad. Peru took other from Chinese countries, Czechoslovakia (3-1) and Bulgaria (0-3), placed second and third, while the U.S. (4-3), which was evaded 70-27 in its game with the Soviets, finished fourth in the 12-nation field.

BOXING—"Dirty American" judges, yelled some of the 50,000 fans in Acapulco, Chihuahua after World Featherweight Champion **SUGAR RAMOS** of Mexico City was awarded a split decision over **Guillermo Fiest** Robertson in a 15-round title fight. Ramos outboxed his challenger in the early rounds, but began to tire in the eighth, and was knocked down for the count of six before the bell rang to end the fight. Ramos landed through the last two rounds, and the British referee gave the fight to Robertson, but the judges, one from Mexico and two from Mexico City, decided in favor of Ramos to extend his career record to 44 wins, one loss and three draws.

A secondarily refereed fight between weight fight scheduled to go 10 rounds in Chicago's Coliseum, ended abruptly at 3:26 of the first round after **RIBBY LEE** of Chicago knocked down **Allen Thomas** of Chicago three times. It was Foy's 17th victory in 17 fights and his sixth straight knock-out.

GOLF—California **BILLY CASPER** overcame the searing Texas heat and shot a par 70 on the final round for a victory by four strokes in **Pan Pacific's** \$17,000 Colonial Invitational last year. It was his second win in less than two months.

MICKEY WRIGHT won her third LPGA title in four days this week when she shot a 54-hole total of 215 to take the \$12,000 **Loews Open** by six strokes over **Kathy Whitworth**.

Gymnastics—In the A&U national championships at the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy in Kings Point, N.Y., **MAKOTO (Doug) SAKAMOTO**, 17, of Los Angeles won the men's all-around title for the second straight year, ending **Leslie Greer** won of the USAF. (112.95 to 113.70). Sakamoto missed both hands during the somersault, however, and missed the rest of the event. **ARMANDO VEGA** of Los Angeles, who finished third in the all-around, repeated his individual title in the long-haul vault, with rings and parallel bars. **MARIE WALTHER**, 19, of Kent State University defeated **Deborah Chapman** of Maryland 79.95 to 75.10 for the

women's all-around title, and **JUDY WILKS** of Golfport, Miss., who recently gained the women's world trampolinist championship in London, successfully defended her national title in the event.

HARNESS RACING—Mrs. Leonard J. Buck's favored **OVERTRICK**, (52-80), driven by **John Patterson**, finished four lengths ahead of **Maudea Maupet** in the \$104,340 Realization Pace, the richest race ever held for 4-year-old Standardbreds, at Rembrandt Racetrack. It was the 1983 season's 19-year-old harness race in two starts this season, and his time for the mile and a fourth was 2:06.4-5—just 3/5 second off the world record for the distance.

HORSE RACING—Bob Uecker rode **Ray Sargent** **MR. HULK** (3-30), the sixth-place Kentucky Derby favorite, to an easy victory in the \$60,700 **Whitney Stakes** at Aqueduct. **Kingsford Webster's** **National** won four lengths behind in second, followed by 11 other 3-year-olds in the one-mile race. **Whitney Stables' BOLD QUEEN** (51-4), ridden by **Toni Lee**, duplicated their 3-year-old filly win by the \$34,100 **Black-Land Seven Stakes** at Pimlico. The favorite, **Mrs. W. R. Ham's Blue Nether**, who had won all five of her starts this season, came up with sore legs and was scratched at the last minute.

WRESTLING—**Graham Hill** of Great Britain, driving a BMW, won the Grand Prix opener at Monte Carlo in 2:41.19 to better his 1983 race record by half a second. **Kishu Greber** finished second in another BMW when **Jim Clark's** Lotus broke down on the final lap.

FRED LORENZEN of Elmira, N.Y., drove his 1984 Ford to victory in the \$47,534 **Rebel 200-mile** stock-car race in **Delaware**, N.C., and on the way averaged 110.913 mph to set a new record for the event.

ROWING—"The boys were eager. We stroked a 14, and that's about the highest we'd row in," said **Coach Harry Parker** after his **HARVARD** varsity had won the **Adrian Cup** over **Pony** and **Pennsylvania** at Cambridge, Mass. The Crimson crew, helmed by 19 rowers, its own world record for the 2,000-meter **Charles River** course with a 5:14.6 clocking. **Dana** in **Providence**, N.J., also broke a new record in the 2,000-meter course, setting a 5:53 for 2,000 meters at a defense of defending champion **Concord** and **Providence** for the **Adrian Cup**. It was the first time the Cornell victory had been broken by an American crew since 1962, but the margin of loss was less than half a length, and the **Byrd** remained among the favorites for this week's **Lucania Sprint** at Worcester, Mass. In **Madison**, Wis., on **July 14**, **Midwestern's** 1,000-meter course, **WISCONSIN** led all the way to defeat **MIT** and **Dartmouth** in a strong 6:08.9, and on the **West Coast** **ALPINE** averaged a high 49 strokes per

beat **Washington** by two full lengths in **Berkeley, Calif.** It was the first defeat in three seasons for the **Huck**, and it established the **Bears** as favorites for the **Western Sprint** in **San Diego** on May 21. In other races, **BOSTON UNIVERSITY** upset unbeaten **Rollins** at **Cambridge**, **MIT** overpowered **Yale** and **Columbia** at the **Scotch Broom** in **Yonkers**, N.Y., and in **Philadelphia**, **GEORGETOWN** was the **Dad Vail Regatta's** favorite race over **S. Joseph's** of **Philadelphia** and **Yale** of **Yonkers** of **Ohio**.

TENNIS—Australia's **ROY EMERSON** outlasted fellow countryman **Ken Fletcher** 6-4, 3-6, 6-3, 7-5 for the singles title in the **Saratoga**, Chile international tournament. The two then teamed up to win the doubles 6-3, 6-2 over **Chile's** **Patricio Rodriguez** and **Ernesto Angeleri**.

TRACK & FIELD—**DALLAS LONG** smashed his own world record by 100 yards when he equaled that shot 44 feet 7 1/2 inches, and **DAVID NEWMAN** of **Providence State** sprinted 100 yards in 9.2 to equal the world record set at the **1980 Olympics** in **Los Angeles**. **DAVID HAYES** (19-0) stepped on one when he also ran 100 yards in 9.2. **JOHN LILLIS** cleared 6 feet 3 inches in **Philadelphia** for the highest pole vault of the outdoor season, and in a **Houston** near **RICHARD ROSS**, a junior at **Southern University**, high-jumped 7 foot 1 inch.

WEIGHT LIFTING—Japan's **YOSHINBU MIYAKE** weighed by 216 pounds his own world record in the featherweight division with a total lift of 837 1/2 pounds in a Tokyo meet.

WRESTLING—NAMED: The Chicago Black Hawks' **KEN WHEAT** and the Montreal Canadiens' **JACQUES LABRECQUE** and **DAVID NEWMAN** of the **Lake Erie** **Monarchs** and **Calder Memorial** **Rangers**. **Right Wing** **Whitworth**, who had 19 goals and 12 assists last season, who had 19 points in 19 games, was the first Chicago player in 19 years to win the award for goal scoring and effective play. **Delawarean** **LaPorte** defeated two **Monarchs** in the voting for the league's top rookie, and is only the second defenseman ever to receive the award.

DIED **VICTOR MORABITO**, 43, one of the principal owners of the **NFL San Francisco 49ers**, of a heart attack in San Francisco.

DIED **Calumet Farm's ARMED**, 23, the 1947 Horse of the Year in **Lexington, Ky.** **ARMED** did not win a stakes race in a 3-year-old (1944), but he made up for it in succeeding years, and when he retired in 1950 he had earned \$61,000. He became the leading money-earning gelding until **Kelso** surpassed him total two years ago. The most famous mare of **Armstrong's** career took place in **Belmont Park** on **Sept. 19, 1947** when **Elmer** **Armstrong** rode him to an eight-length victory over **Assault** in a \$100,000 winter-slate match race at 1 1/4 miles.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

4—**For** **July 31**, 37—**James** **June** 40—43, 44, 45—**June** 78—**Associated** **Press**, 47, 76—**Associated** **Press**, 78—**Associated** **Press**, 43—**Walt** **Spring** 109—**AP** 110—**Worcester** **Telegram** & **Quincy**—**Ann** **Dennis**, **Joe** **White**, **John** **Carroll**, **D. J. Wilson**.

FACES IN THE CROWD

JANE ELLEN NEEDHAM, 14, who rides Morgan show horses on her parents' farm in Holden, Mass., became the owner of a 2-year-old Thoroughbred racehorse when her nomination, **Royal Oman**, won the **Kentucky** **Club** pipe-to-bacco horse-naming contest.

JIM LEWIS, 20, of **Umatilla, N.Y.**, a 5-foot-9 160-pound third classman (sophomore) on the U.S. Naval Academy's lacrosse team, scored three goals and had four assists in a 15-3 victory over **Johns Hopkins** to extend unbeaten Navy's season record to 7-0.

RALPH CHILDS, 16, a high school sophomore and the son of a postal clerk in Detroit, outlasted **Donald Sakai** of **Waterbury, Conn.**, 21-17, 29-27, 21-11 in the finals to take the junior men's title in the U.S. Table Tennis Championships at Inglewood, Calif.

ANN STRANAHAN of Toledo, a golfer for 8 1/2 years who has been restored by her husband **Frank** between his own tours around the golf course, defeated **Mary Lou Butler** of **Albuquerque** 7 and 6 for the **Women's Southwestern Amateur Championship** in Phoenix.

SUSAN BLAISDELL, 14, a Middletown, N.J., quiddist who led the U.S. Pony Team to the international championship last year on 5-year-old **Highfield's Telp**, gained four blue ribbons to win the large pony title at the **Junior Essex Troop Show** in **West Orange, N.J.**

RUSSELL HERMAN, a Spokane masonry contractor, set an Idaho state record when he caught a 54-pound 3-inch mackerel from trout in the **Pacific Lake Fishing Derby**. It took him 45 minutes to haul in the 43-inch fish, one of the largest lake trout ever landed in the U.S.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

VINDICATIONS

Sirs:

Robert Creamer's *The Transistor Kid* (May 4) was a wonderful article about a truly great baseball announcer, Vin Scully. In San Diego we are so well entertained by Scully's broadcasts that if Vinny sent us a bill at the end of the year I think we would pay it.

DAN S. KENNEY

San Diego

Sirs:

Two things happened when I was trying to play ball at Fordham that have always left me lachrymose of the printed word. One concerned the only home run I ever hit—which was in truth a misjudged fly ball. It was in a college game, and a photographer for the *Bronx Home News* was present. I gave it the real home run trot and even tried to hang in mid-air over the home plate so that he could take the proper picture. The next day I went out eager to buy every paper I could get my hands on. The first one I bought featured a picture on the sports page which showed a blurred figure who could not possibly have been recognized by blood relatives, and the caption: "JIM TULLY scoring on his home run."

The other shock to my system was administered by Lou Effrat of *The New York Times*. He covered a game that was probably the only one in my career in which I got three hits in four times at bat. The other time I had struck out. We won the game and, since I had contributed to the victory, I eagerly purchased the *Times* the following morning to read Effrat's glowing report of my contribution. The only time my name was mentioned was at the head of the third paragraph, which began, "After Scully fanned . . ."

This is a long preamble to tell you all that has been washed away. Everyone connected with the Scully family wishes to thank you and Robert Creamer for as nice a write-up as a man could ever wish to have.

VIN SCULLY

Houston

Sirs:

Boosting Vin Scully in New England is as popular as patting tomatoes in clam chowder, but I have been his great admirer for many years.

I lived for a time in both New York and Philadelphia, and most of my life near Boston, so I have heard, at length, seven broadcasting teams from these cities. Day in and day out there is no one better to listen to than Scully, regardless of which team you are rooting for. The Barber, Desmond, Scul-

ly threesome is without equal in the history of baseball on radio.

BILL RAUTENBERG

Brookton, Mass.

Sirs:

Until I inadvertently tuned in his "pleasantly nasal baritone" one Sunday afternoon two years ago, I utterly abhorred baseball. As an English teacher, I am generally offended by the grammar employed by announcers. Not so with Vinny. He is both grammatically correct and colorful.

Some of my fellow baseball fans don't root for the Dodgers the way I do now, but "everybody" is for Vinny out here.

SHEILA W. HARPER

Santa Ana, Calif.

Sirs:

Robert Creamer's article on Vin Scully was excellent, but one very important factor was not covered. There are thousands of violent Dodger haters in southern California, and as far as the great majority of us is concerned, the one good thing about the Dodgers, the one thing to be really admired, is Vin Scully.

He never antagonizes us. We have only to listen to any other baseball announcer in either league to fully appreciate how superior Scully is.

JIM LAMHOFF

Long Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

Never did like the Dodgers when they, and I, were residents of the New York area, but it was always a pleasure to hear Vin Scully describe the misfortunes of the Brooklyn. When the Dodgers left the Big Town, the only salvation for this Yankee fan was to root for the Dodgers in the National League—so Vin could share the World Series broadcast assignment.

I'm sure that Scully's creative descriptions of the baseball games served to foster my own interest in a broadcasting career. Thanks for Robert Creamer's colorful story on the best play-by-play announcer in the business, bar none.

DONALD W. ROSELEY

Ocala, Fla.

Sirs:

Since moving from southern California to the San Francisco area, we have found that Giant fans won't concede that the Dodgers have anything more than luck. But they will acknowledge there is only one announcer—Vin Scully.

MRS. WALTER L. SPIER

Ross, Calif.

Sirs:

When the Giants are playing in Los Angeles, it's common practice here in the Bay Area to turn off the television sound in order to watch the picture accompanied by Vin Scully's radio play-by-play.

NELSON P. KEMPSKY

Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs:

Vin's colleague, Jerry Doggett, is also an excellent announcer and, together, they make the best pair of baseball announcers on the air.

PETER W. MATHER

Redlands, Calif.

Sirs:

Vin Scully is good but haven't you ever heard of Harry Caray? No one can describe a home run quite like him.

WILLIAM H. BROWN

Evansville, Ind.

Sirs:

How about doing a profile on the most knowledgeable of all baseball announcers, ex-Yankee Wade Hoyt, Cincinnati Red broadcaster for a quarter of a century?

ROBERT L. BUTLER

Louisville

Sirs:

Jack Brickhouse, who does the announcing for the Cubs and Sox games, can make the dullest game seem like a cliffhanger.

ARNOLD SAKS

Chicago

Sirs:

One other man must be rated at the top of the list with Scully—Jack Quinlan, who broadcasts the Chicago Cub games.

JOEL SILVER

Madison, N.J.

Sirs:

Our Red Sox broadcaster, Curt Gowdy, is in Scully's league: the complete pro who recognizes his obligation to report the game, not add cheap lester to his own personal image or make demogods out of the hallplayers.

DICK SHURMAN

North Attleboro, Mass.

GOLDEN BELLES

Sirs:

I hope I'm the first of the great Jewish enthusiasts to cheer the last of the great Jewish linebackers—Gilbert Rogin. His piece on the Texas hair-spray Olympics (*Flamme's Murre's Bouffant Belles*, April 20) was matched only by his *Confessions of a Stoop*

continued

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19TH HOLE

Ball Champion He gets three checks, 100 gold medals and one fond warning to please stay out of Texas. We need him

STUART SCHULBERG
NBC NEWS

Washington

Sirs:

We Iowa track bulls request equal time for our four Iowa high school girls running under the banner of the Iowa Track Club. Our Iowa confederated girls defeated the previously unbeaten Texas Track Club in the 440-yard relay at the Drake Relays held in Des Moines, April 24-25, before a sellout crowd of over 18,000 track fans. Now, perhaps our Iowa young ladies do not go to the beauty parlor previous to every meet, do not wear dazzling uniforms, nor are they covered with elaborate makeup—but when these wholesome young ladies compete they win.

CURT BROWN

Marshalltown, Iowa,

DEAN'S LIST

Sirs:

Thank you for the series on how to "Harmonize" the golf swing (*Let Me Help Your Game*, April 27 and May 4). It emphasizes that golf requires a high order of consistency in the "action relationships" of ball to club, club to hands, hands to arms, arms to body, and body to terrain. It also reveals that golf requires a stern discipline.

Claude Harmon has scored high enough to be placed on the "Dean's List." In fact, there may be a few golfing deans who would like to be on Harmon's list.

WINZEL ALBRECHT

Stevens Point, Wis.

IRE'S NETHER

Sirs,

It is interesting you should mention that L.B.J. White House tennis team in your SPORTS column. In a recent Administration more famous for golfing than for tennis, the White House had a tennis team that would probably beat the current group of footballers even without Ted Sorensen.

On the Eisenhower White House staff were Dr. Charles F. Masierson, nationally ranked for 15 years and currently the Eastern senior tennis champion; Stan Rumbough, who, with Masierson, was ranked No. 3 in the East, No. 1 in doubles in Washington; Bryce Harlow, who is still in Washington and a very tough competitor; and Clarence B. Randall, a real dark horse.

CHARLES F. MASIERSON

New York City

SHOE AND SHAME

Sirs,

It was with immense interest and pleasure that I read Bil Gilbert's article, *Evaluation at the Smokeshole* (April 27). My interest was

spurred, in the similarity between Mr. Gilbert's experience and mine on the Jettie-Rivet in Virginia last summer. In our two-week, 220-mile trip we passed over countless "cross-stream dikes," saw "deserted houses and the unblemished grandeur of nature. We even had our own keyhole experience (we lost all of our food and part of our gear).

The most exciting experience of our trip, however, was passing through Holcomb Falls. Here, in cutting through the backbone of the Blue Ridge Mountains, the James falls off some 200 feet in four miles.

My sincere appreciation to Mr. Gilbert where your account of his experience helped me to relive my own.

R. MICHAEL TUGGLE

Aiken, S.C.

Sirs:

If I could write as beautifully and diapirically as Bil Gilbert did in his *Smokeshole* article, I could express my sheer enjoyment in reading it.

The white-water descriptions were spine-tingling and his sympathetic treatment of the abandoned homes and their contents was superb.

FREDERICK W. PULVER JR.

Saratoga, N.Y.

Sirs:

Our state commission for the promotion of tourism has worked for years to accomplish what you and Bil Gilbert have done in a few pages.

West Virginia is being advertised far and wide as a poverty-stricken, depressed area. We are in a state of change here, and I personally want to thank SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for its contribution toward dispelling the image of tan-paper shacks, hillbillies and welfare checks generally associated with the Mountain State.

The word of West Virginia is spreading. More and more people are realizing that West Virginia is stretching her boot straps, trying to pull herself out of shame.

SAM ZIMMERMAN

Huntington, W.Va.

CREEPING INTEREST

Sirs:

This article on the bugs that live under moss-covered, slimy, wet, dark rocks really shook me (*Out from under a Rock*, May 4).

Inside of two paragraphs I felt long, creeping, crawling, fast little animals, with needles coming out from under their eyes, shuffling about under my chair ready to leap and let me have one right on the tender side of my Achilles tendon—or ready to emit some poisonous gas which would drift up alongside of me and freeze me like marble.

As I was writing this I had my legs neatly tucked up underneath me. It was a pretty interesting article, though.

JEAN PAUL

St. Louis

The perfect Martini Gin makes a perfect Tom Collins

Seagram takes the time to put gin through a slow, costly process that makes it not only extra dry, but also extra smooth.

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